INDIANA EDUCATIONAL SERIES

SECOND READER

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INDIANA STATE SERIES

SECOND READER

BY

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IND. SECOND R.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
Red Riding Hood		5
The Brave Little Mother		8
The Little Red Hen		9
Daisies		12
The Funny Little Cat		13
The Little Blue Egg		14
The Seven Goslings		16
The Spider and the Dove		20
What does Little Birdie say	*Tennyson*	21
Mother Holle		22
The Carrier Pigeon		26
The City Mouse and the Country Mouse		28
The Town Musicians	*Grimm*	30
Singing	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	34
The First Thanksgiving		35
We Thank Thee		38
Sweet Porridge	*Grimm*	39
Hiawatha's Childhood	*H. W. Longfellow*	40
Hiawatha	*H. W. Longfellow*	41
Hiawatha's Hunting	*H. W. Longfellow*	42
Henry W. Longfellow		45
An Indian Story		47
The Goose that laid the Golden Eggs		49
The Golden Touch	*Adapted from Hawthorne*	51
Rock-a-bye Baby		57
The Brown Baby		57
The Humming Bird and the Butterfly		59
The Song of the Lark	*Adapted from Andersen*	62
Christopher Columbus		66

		PAGE
Santa Claus	*Adapted from Eugene Field*	70
The Flax	*Adapted from H. C. Andersen*	73
The Discontented Pine Tree		77
The Star Money	*Grimm*	79
The Woman and the Dog		80
Bed in Summer	*R. L. Stevenson*	82
A Far-off Land		83
The Dove and her Children		86
What Fred and his Father found in the Park		88
What broke the China Pitcher		91
The Shepherd Boy who killed the Giant		95
The Snow Image	*Adapted from Hawthorne*	99
The Wise Fairy	*Alice Cary*	103
Abraham Lincoln		105
The Lost Doll	*Adapted from C. Kingsley*	109
Pandora	*Adapted from Hawthorne*	111
Beauty and the Beast		116
Taming the Pig	*From "Sandford and Merton"*	123
Dandelion Down	*Lucy Larcom*	126
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star		129
Brother Rabbit and Brother Goat		130
The Land of Counterpane	*R. L. Stevenson*	134
George Washington		135
To the Violet	*Lucy Larcom*	137
Pocahontas		138
The Frogs and the Ox		141
Pussy Willow's Welcome		143
A Good Joke		144
Winter and Spring		146
Piccola		150
Seven Times One	*Jean Ingelow*	155

NOTES 157

SECOND READER

RED RIDING HOOD

be eause	chăt tered	hŭnt er	whīle
ăr rōw	plĕas ant ly	shout ed	knŏcked

Once there was a little girl called Red Riding Hood.

She was called Red Riding Hood because she had a pretty little red hood.

One day Red Riding Hood was playing in the garden. Her mother called: "Come here, Red Riding Hood. I want you to go to your grandmother's.

"Take this butter and these cakes to her. She is ill in bed, and she will want something good to eat.

"Don't play on the way. Stay with your grandmother a little while, but come home before dark."

Little Red Riding Hood put on her red hood, and off she went.

The sun was shining. The wind was blowing softly. The birds were singing in the trees.

Little Red Riding Hood stopped sometimes to pick a flower, but she ran to make up the time.

A bluebird saw her coming, and sang a song for

her. A squirrel chattered at her from a tree. A rabbit sat up and looked at her.

The little girl called pleasantly to them, but she did not stop to play with them.

In the woods little Red Riding Hood met a wolf. She had never seen a wolf, and so she thought this one was a big dog.

The wolf said: "Good morning, little Red Riding Hood. How are you this pleasant morning?"

"I am very well, I thank you," said little Red Riding Hood.

"And where are you going, my dear?" said the wolf.

"I am going to see my grandmother. She lives on the other side of the woods. She is ill in bed, and I am taking her some cakes and butter."

The wolf walked beside the little girl all this time.

"I know where your grandmother lives," said the wolf. "It is in a little red house.

"Let us run a race and see who will get there first. I will go the long way through the woods and you may go this way."

Off ran little Red Riding Hood, and off ran the wolf.

The wolf could run very fast; so he got to the grandmother's house long before the little girl did.

He knocked softly on the door, and the grandmother called, "Who is there?"

"Little Red Riding Hood," said the wolf, softly.

"Come in," said the grandmother.

The wolf went in and jumped on the bed to eat the grandmother. But the grandmother jumped out of bed on the other side, climbed out of the window, and ran away.

She dropped her cap and spectacles on the floor. The wolf put them on and covered himself up in bed.

In a little while little Red Riding Hood knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" said the wolf, softly.

"Little Red Riding Hood," said the little girl.

"Come in," said the wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood went in, and said: —

"Mamma sent me with some cakes and butter for you."

"Put them on the table," said the wolf. "Then come and sit beside the bed."

Little Red Riding Hood did as she was told.

She looked at the wolf a long time without saying a word. Then she said: —

"What long arms you have, grandmother!"

"The better to hug you, my dear."

"But what big eyes you have, grandmother!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you up!" shouted the wolf, jumping out of bed.

Just then the grandmother and a hunter came running in.

The hunter shot the wolf dead with an arrow.

Red Riding Hood went home to her mother, and the grandmother had a rug made of the wolf's hide.

THE BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER

mŏth er stō′ry frī*ght* ened

Here is a story a little girl's father told her.

One day when I was a little boy I saw a mouse. I tried to catch it, but it ran very fast to get away.

At last it ran under an old box. I took the box up, and the mouse ran out.

I let it go, for what do you think I saw? There was a little nest made of hay under the box.

In the nest was a little mother mouse. Five baby mice lay beside her fast asleep.

The little mother mouse did not try to get away. She looked at me as if to say, "I am very much frightened, but I must stay with my babies."

I did not hurt them. I wanted to stay and look at them, but I did not want to frighten the poor little mother; so I put the box down and went away.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

be hīnd	sŏft ly	splăsh	crĕpt
dĭz zў	scĭs sors	pŏcket	shĕlf

Once there was a little red hen and she lived in a little red house in the woods.

She had a little table and a little stove and some little dishes.

She had a little teakettle, too, and a little teapot.

A fox lived over the hill with his mother. He wanted to get the little red hen for dinner.

When the little red hen went out, she never went far from the house. If the fox came, she could run in. When she was in the house, she kept the door locked.

One day she went out to get some sticks to make a fire. She looked all around, but she did not see the fox.

He was hiding behind a tree. When her back was turned, he crept softly into the house. He hid under the bed and waited.

The little red hen came in with the sticks and put them behind the stove. Then she locked the door and hung up the key.

Out jumped the fox, but he did not get the little red hen.

She flew up to a shelf. Then the fox ran round and round after his tail.

The little red hen looked at him till she grew dizzy and fell down.

The fox put her into his bag and away he went.

He ran so fast that it made him tired, so he lay down to rest.

Before he knew it he was asleep.

The little red hen had a pair of scissors in her pocket. She took them out and cut a hole in the bag.

Then she crept out softly and put a big stone in where she had been.

When this was done, she ran home as fast as her feet would take her.

When the fox woke up he said, "I have been asleep. I must hurry or I shall be late for dinner."

So off he went. The stone hurt his back, but he did not care. He was thinking, "What a good dinner I shall have."

His mother was watching at the door for him. Soon she saw him coming with the bag on his back

"Have you the little red hen this time, my son?" said she.

"Yes, mother," said the fox. "Have you the kettle on?"

"Yes, my son," said the mother.

"Take off the cover, then, and I will put her in."

So the mother took off the cover, and the fox held the bag over the kettle.

Splash went the big stone into the water, and splash went the hot water into their faces and burned them both.

But the little red hen was safe at home in her little red house, drinking tea.

DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

— From "Little Folks' Lyrics," by Frank Dempster Sherman, with permission from Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE FUNNY LITTLE CAT

bŏt tom ĕmp tў

There was once a little white cat with black spots, and her name was Schnitz.

In the house where she lived there were two gold-fish. They lived in a little glass bowl. Kitty wanted to eat them.

She would climb up and sit beside the bowl and watch the fish. She often dipped her little soft white paws into the water.

But the fish would go to the bottom of the bowl, and Kitty didn't like to touch the water. So she couldn't dip her paws in very far.

One day she found an empty rose bowl. It looked very much like the fish bowl.

She put her paw into it and felt all around on the bottom. Then she held her paw up like a little hand, and looked at it as if she thought she would have a fish.

She tried it again and again, and looked at her paw every time.

Another day she dipped her paw as far as she could into the fish bowl. She shook it very hard and tried over and over.

Then she began to drink the water as fast as she could. It seemed as if she thought she could drink it all and get the fish.

THE LITTLE BLUE EGG

be*a*ū tĭ ful	nē*a*r lў	chōk*e*	pärs nip
gärd *e*n er	naugh'ty	mīn er	hur ri*e*d

Once there was a little white duck, and she lived in a little green pond. One day she laid a little blue egg. It was the very first egg she had ever laid. She thought it was the most beautiful egg in the world.

She stayed at home nearly all day to look at it. But by and by she grew very hungry. So she went away to find some food.

While she was away, a big, brown water rat came and took the little blue egg to his house.

The little white duck hurried home. She wanted to look at her beautiful blue egg again. But it was gone.

She quacked and cried, and cried and quacked till tears pattered down like rain.

The naughty water rat heard her, but he did not come out of his hole for a long time. At last he looked out and said, "I have your beautiful blue egg."

The little white duck came, flying and swimming both at once. "Oh, please give me my beautiful blue egg," she begged. "I will do anything you ask."

"Bring me a parsnip, then," said the water rat. "I like parsnips much better."

So off she went to the gardener. "Oh, Mr. Gardener, please give me a parsnip. I will give the water rat a parsnip and he will give me my beautiful little blue egg."

But the gardener said, "You must first give me a spade. Then I can dig the parsnip for you."

So off she went to the blacksmith shop. "Oh, please make me a spade, and I will give the spade to the gardener, and the gardener will give me a parsnip, and I will give the water rat a parsnip, and the water rat will give me my beautiful little blue egg."

But the blacksmith said, "Give me some iron and I will make a spade for you.

So off she went to the miner, and said, "Oh, Mr. Miner, please give me some iron, and I will give the iron to the blacksmith, and the blacksmith will give me a spade, and I will give the spade to the gardener, and the gardener will give me a parsnip, and I will give the parsnip to the water rat, and the water rat will give me my beautiful little blue egg."

So the miner gave her some iron. She took the iron to the blacksmith, and the blacksmith gave her a spade. She took the spade to the gardener, and the gardener gave her a parsnip. She took the parsnip to the water rat, and the water rat gave her the beautiful little blue egg.

And the little white duck hatched a little yellow duckling out of the little blue egg, and they lived together in the little green pond and were happy forever after.

THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

gŏs'lĭngs	bär'rel	fŏl'lōwed	hoarse
ăn'swered	pĭl'lōws	rē'al ly	kēy

Once there was a goose that had seven children.

One day she had to go to get some food for them. She called them to her and said: "Be sure to keep the door locked while I am gone. If the wolf gets in, he

will eat you. You will know him by his hoarse voice and black paws."

The goslings said, "We will be very careful. Do not be afraid, mother."

So the old goose went away with a light heart.

Soon some one knocked at the door. "Who is it?" cried the goslings.

"Your mother, dears. I have brought something nice for each one of you. Open the door quickly."

But the goslings knew it was the wolf by the hoarse voice.

"We will not open the door," they cried. "Our mother has a sweet voice. Yours is hoarse. You must be the wolf."

Off went the wolf and bought a big piece of butter and ate it to make his voice soft.

Then he went back and knocked. "Open the door, dears. Your mother is here. She has brought each of you something nice."

But the wolf showed his black paw at the keyhole.

So the goslings said, "You are the wolf. Our mother has not black paws."

Then the wolf ran to the baker. "Rub dough on my paws and be quick about it," he said.

The baker was afraid; so he did what the wolf told him to do.

Then the wolf ran to the miller. "Put flour on my paws and be quick about it," he said.

The miller was afraid; so he did what the wolf told him to do.

Away the wolf ran and put his paws up to the keyhole.

"Here I am, my dear children. Open the door for mother. I have something nice for each of you."

The goslings saw the white paws and heard the sweet voice; so they opened the door.

The first ran under the table. The second got into bed. The third hid in the stove. The fourth jumped

into the flour barrel. The fifth flew into the cupboard. The sixth crept under the sink. The seventh hid in the clock.

The wolf soon found all but the one in the clock. He put them into his bag and went away through the woods, singing.

Soon the mother goose came home. What a sight she saw. The door was wide open. The tables and chairs were upside down. Dishes were broken. The pillows were on the floor.

The poor mother ran up and down. She called her children by name. No one answered. She sat down and sobbed and cried.

The gosling in the clock had heard her calling, but he was afraid it was the wolf again.

When she began to cry, he peeped out with one eye. Then he called, "Here I am, mother, in the clock."

She helped him out, and heard what the wolf had done. Then they went out and followed the wolf to his den.

The wolf had shut the goslings up and gone away. The one little gosling and his mother watched a long time to be sure he was really gone.

Then they crept up softly and let the six goslings out. Away they all ran home.

As soon as they were in the house and had the door locked, the mother goose kissed them every one.

Some of the goslings put the house to rights, and the others cooked the dinner.

The mother goose did nothing but look at the goslings. She was so glad that they were all safe.

THE SPIDER AND THE DOVE

erē*a*′tūres dĕs′ert rob′bers quī′etly

There was once a good man who was kind to all creatures. No living thing was afraid of him.

Once he was riding across the desert alone. Some robbers followed him to kill him and get his gold.

The good man found a cave in the rocks and went into it.

A spider was spinning her web across the door, but he was careful not to break her threads.

A dove sat upon her eggs just inside, but he took time to step over her.

The spider went on with the web. The dove sat quietly on her eggs. Her mate cooed beside her.

Soon the robbers came to the cave.

"He must be in this cave," said one.

"No," said another, "see the spider's web. Not a thread is broken. Look at the dove. See how quietly she sits on her nest. No one has gone into the cave to-day."

The robbers rode away and the man's life was saved.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away. —TENNYSON.

MOTHER HOLLE

ĕr′rands jew′els ŏv′en show′er

Once there were two girls who were sisters.

One of them was very kind. She often did errands for people. She was ready to take care of the baby or to feed the chickens whenever her mother needed her.

The other sister never did anything for nothing. People always had to give her candy to get her to do an errand. Even her mother had to pay her for working.

One day the good girl went to the well for water. She tried to see how deep the water was and fell in. The water was not deep, so she was not drowned.

She looked about for a way to get out, and saw a door.

She opened the door and went through. On the other side there was a beautiful green meadow.

Flowers bloomed and birds sang everywhere. The girl had never seen such butterflies and grasshoppers. They had eyes like jewels and wings of gold.

There was an old, old fence around the meadow. It was so old that it had a long, gray beard of moss.

The girl put up her foot to climb over. "Please

be very careful how you step on me," said the fence. "I am very old. Do not hurt a poor old fence."

So the girl stepped over with great care. Then she stopped and put up a board that had fallen off. The old fence thanked her and she went on her way.

Soon she came to an oven. The bread inside cried out, "Take me out, take me out! I'm baked! I'm baked! Take me out quickly! I want to be eaten! Eat all you want, but put the rest back in the oven!"

So the girl took the bread out. She ate as much as she wanted. Then she put what was left back.

Next she came to an apple tree. All the apples cried out, "Shake us off, shake us off! We are ripe! We want to be eaten! Eat all you want, but gather the rest up into a heap!" So she did what the apples told her to do.

After this she came to a pretty little house. An old woman sat inside the door.

This was Mother Holle, who sends the snow, but the girl did not know it.

"Come in, come in!" she said. "I want a girl to make my bed."

So she went in and made the bed just as the old lady wanted it. It was a feather bed, and it had to be beaten up light.

The girl beat it until the feathers flew all about.

This she did every day for a long time. At last the old lady said, "You will be homesick! I must send you home! You are a good girl!"

The girl never thought of getting anything for her work. So she said good-by and started.

Just as she stepped out of the door a shower of gold fell upon her. It stuck to her hair and clothes. Her pockets were filled.

When she reached home her mother was very glad to see her again. Her sister was so much pleased

with the gold that she thought she would go down into the well too. So she went and jumped in. She saw the door and went through it. She saw the meadow just as her sister had seen it.

She came to the old fence and began to climb over it. "Oh, please be very careful. I am a poor, old fence. If you throw me down, I can never get up. You would not hurt a poor old fence."

But the unkind girl jumped on the old fence and broke its back. Then she went on laughing.

She soon came to the oven. The bread called out to her just as it had done to her sister.

But she ate as much as she wanted and walked over what was left. Then she went on her way and left the oven door wide open.

Next she came to the apple tree. She ate as many apples as she wanted. Then she threw the rest as far away as she could.

When she came to the little house, the old lady called her in and showed her how to make the bed.

She did as she was told because she wanted the gold, but, after a few days, she began to get tired. She didn't beat the bed well. The feathers never flew out in a cloud.

At last the old lady said, "You may go home now." The girl walked slowly out of the door. She

wanted to get all the gold that fell. But instead of a shower of gold, there was a shower of muddy water.

When she reached home even the chickens laughed. The rooster called:—

"Cock-a-doodle-do,
Our muddy girl has come home too."

THE CARRIER PIGEON

căr′rĭ er pĭg′ĕon äunt stôrm

One day Willie's father brought him a carrier pigeon. It was a pretty gray pigeon and Willie was very fond of it.

Sometimes Willie went to see his aunt. He always took the pigeon with him, so that he could send a letter to his mother.

One day Willie wrote a letter, and tied it to the pigeon's neck. Then he kissed the pigeon and let it go. Up, up it flew, far out of sight.

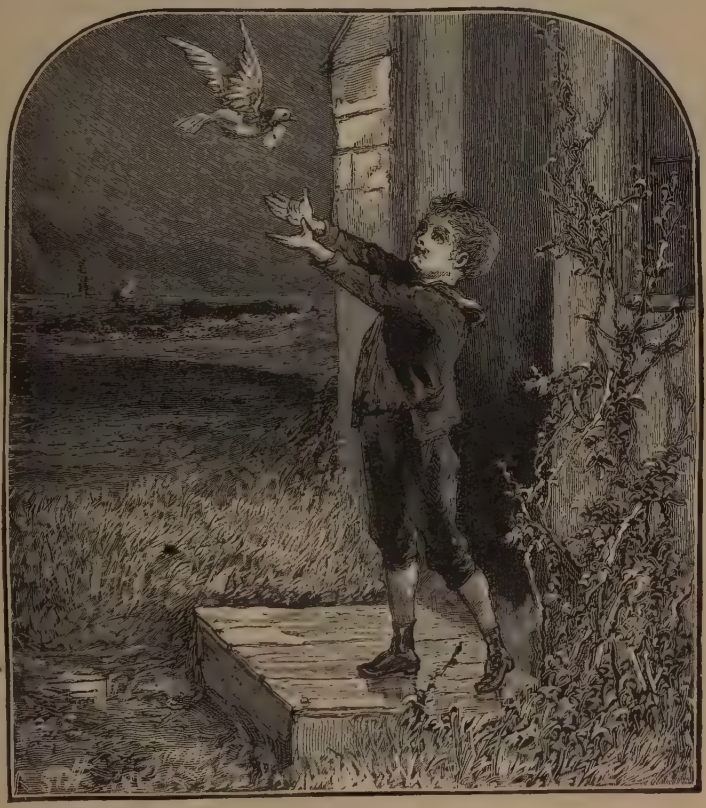
Just then his aunt came in and said, "Don't let your pigeon out to-day, Willie. There is a storm coming."

"It is gone," said Willie, and he ran to the window to look out.

Poor little boy, he was very unhappy. He sat by

the window all day, watching the storm and wishing he had not let the pigeon go.

The next morning Willie went home. He could



not be happy till he knew that his pigeon was safe.

But the pigeon was not at home. All that day Willie sat by the window watching the sky.

How he wished he had known there was a storm coming.

When it was almost dark, Willie went outside to watch. At last he saw a bird far up in the sky, and it was coming nearer.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma," cried Willie, "my pigeon is coming, my pigeon is coming."

Willie's mother came running to the door. It made her happy to see Willie so happy, and she was very glad to see the pigeon safe.

Willie soon had the poor, tired little bird in his arms. He fed it and gave it water, and his mother let it stay in his room that night.

Willie had learned something that he didn't know before. He never let his pigeon out again when a storm was coming.

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

vĭs'ĭt	ĕŏl'lar	trou'sers	ān ġel
pat'ent	rath'er	bâre'fo͝ot	ex-euse'

The city mouse went to visit the country mouse.

The city mouse wore a high collar, a silk hat, patent leather shoes, and a beautiful, light suit.

The country mouse went barefoot and had only a pair of trousers with one suspender.

The country mouse was glad to see the city mouse. He brought in an ear of corn and an apple for dinner.

Now the city mouse was used to having angel cake, ice cream, plum pudding, and many other nice things; so he ate very little.

The country mouse asked why he did not eat.

The city mouse said, "Excuse me, but if you will come and live with me in the city, you will soon know. There you can get the very best food."

The country mouse was much pleased to go to the city, and they went that very day.

The country mouse saw all the sights, and then he went home to dinner with the city mouse.

The city mouse showed the country mouse a large mince pie. Just as they began to eat, a cat came jumping at them.

They both ran into a hole in a hurry. The country mouse couldn't get his breath for ten minutes. By and by they crept out and looked about. But the cook threw a stick of wood at them, and took the pie away.

The next thing they tried was a piece of cheese. But they saw just in time that it was in a trap.

The country mouse went home without anything to eat. He thought he would rather eat poor food than be frightened so much.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

dŏn'key	to-mor'rō*w*	ẽarned	thi*e*̄ves
ẹrụ'el	be longed'	sprăng	drown

There was once a poor donkey who was too old to work.

His cruel master forgot that the donkey had worked for him many years. He forgot that the donkey had earned much more than it cost to keep him.

So this cruel man turned the donkey out to starve.

The donkey thought he would go to Bremen and be a town musician. As he went along the road he saw a dog running very fast.

"Where are you going, my friend?" said the donkey.

"I am running away from my master," said the dog. "He is going to kill me. I am too old for a watch dog. My master forgets that I have always kept thieves away. I want nothing but bones that he cannot eat, but he will not let me live."

"Come with me," said the donkey. "I am going to Bremen to be a town musician."

The poor dog was very glad to go.

A little farther on they saw a cat that looked very sad.

"What is wrong with you?" said the donkey.

"I am old and have lost my teeth," said the cat.

"My master forgets that I have saved him many a penny by killing the mice. Now he is going to drown me."

"Come with us," said the donkey, "and be a town musician."

So the cat went with them.

A little farther on they saw a rooster. He was crowing as loud as he could.

"Why do you crow so loud?" said the donkey.

"This is the last night I shall ever crow," said the rooster. "My master told the maid to cook me for dinner to-morrow. So I am crowing while I can."

"Do not wait to be eaten. Come with us and be a town-musician."

So the rooster went with them.

They went a long way. It began to grow dark and they were all very hungry. At last they saw a light and followed it till they came to a little house.

Now this house belonged to a band of robbers, and the robbers were just sitting down to supper.

The dog stood on the donkey's back. The cat stood on the dog's back. The rooster stood on the cat's back. In this way the rooster could see in at the window and tell the others what was going on.

"Let us sing for them," said the town musicians. "Then they will give us some food."

The donkey counted, "One, two, three," and they all sang.

Such a noise had never been heard. The robbers jumped up and ran out of the house. They did not stop running till they were in the woods.

The town musicians waited a long time for the robbers to come back. Then they went in and ate the supper.

After supper the donkey went out and lay down by the barn to sleep. The rooster flew up into a tree. The dog lay by the door. The cat stayed by the fire.

Late at night one of the robbers crept back into the house and the cat sprang into his face and scratched him.

As he ran out the dog bit his leg. The donkey kicked him. The rooster crowed.

The man ran to the other robbers and said, "We must never go back there. A witch with eyes like fire scratched me. A man with a big knife stabbed me. A policeman beat me with his club. A man in a tree called, 'Stop thief.'"

The robbers were afraid to go back to the house. So the town musicians lived in it the rest of their lives.

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.
The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

pĭl′grĭms fûr′nĭ tūre tûr′keyṣ wrĕs′tled

When the Pilgrims came to this country, it was winter. They had very little food and no houses.

The men cut down trees and built log houses. While they did this the women washed and cooked out of doors. At night they all went back to the ship to sleep.

When the houses were built, the people brought what dishes and furniture they had from the ship. They had not brought much with them because the ship was so small.

When they were all settled in the houses, the ship sailed away.

Many people were ill and died before spring.

In the spring the Indians showed the men how to plant corn and gave them some for seed. But, before the corn was ripe, the people were nearly starved.

By and by another ship came from England and brought them food. The men had learned how to kill wild animals for food. Their corn grew well. Everybody had plenty to eat.

So the Pilgrims thought it would be pleasant to have a great feast.

The women set to work to make corn bread and puddings and pumpkin pies.

The boys and girls brought in nuts and wild fruit.

The men went hunting and shot deer and wild turkeys.

Tables were built in the open air, because no house was large enough.

The Indians were invited and were treated just as if they were white people.

It was like a great picnic. Everybody had as

much as he wanted to eat. Everybody was gay and happy.

The men jumped and wrestled and ran races. The white men learned to play Indian games, and the Indians learned to play white men's games.

The Indians tried to shoot with the white men's guns. The white men shot with bows and arrows.

The children had a good time, too. The little white boys and girls played with the little Indians.

When the dishes were washed the women came to look on. Perhaps they tried a race, too.

All this lasted three days. Then the Indians went back to their homes and the white people went back to their work.

Both the Indians and the white people remembered their good time.

This was the first Thanksgiving.

A THOUGHT

It is very nice to think
The world is full of meat and drink,
With little children saying grace
In every Christian kind of place.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,

For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

SWEET PORRIDGE

There was a poor little girl who lived alone with her mother. One day they had nothing left to eat, and the little girl went out into the woods to look for nuts.

There she met an old woman who gave her a little pot. When she said, "Cook, little pot," it would cook sweet porridge. When she said, "Stop, little pot," it would stop.

The little girl took the pot home to her mother. After that they never went hungry.

They could eat sweet porridge as often as they wanted it.

Once the little girl went out to play, and her mother said, "Cook, little pot."

The little pot cooked, and she ate till she had all she wanted. Then she wanted the little pot to stop cooking, but she did not know what to say.

So it went on cooking, and the porridge came up over the top.

Still it cooked and cooked till the whole house was full, and then the whole street. No one knew how to stop it.

At last the little girl came home, and just said, "Stop, little pot," and it stopped.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

wĭg′wäm	glōōm′ў	rein′deer	lŭlled
lĭn′den	rŭsh′eş	owl′et	nûrsed
sĭn′ewş	frĕt′ful	wrĭn′kled	eōneş
nā′ked	ē wä yeā′	slŭm′ber	wāil

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft with moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

—Henry W. Longfellow.

HIAWATHA

lăn′guage	built	whĕn ĕ′er	sē′crets
bēa′vers	bēasts	lŏdġ′es	ā′corns
tĭm′id	lēarned	swĭft′ly	brŏth′ers

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,

Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

HIAWATHA'S HUNTING

fā'moŭs	ē rĕct'	frŏl'ic	trĕm'ble
ant'lers	dis'tance	fas'tened	hōn'or

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha,
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bough made the arrows,

Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak tree close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

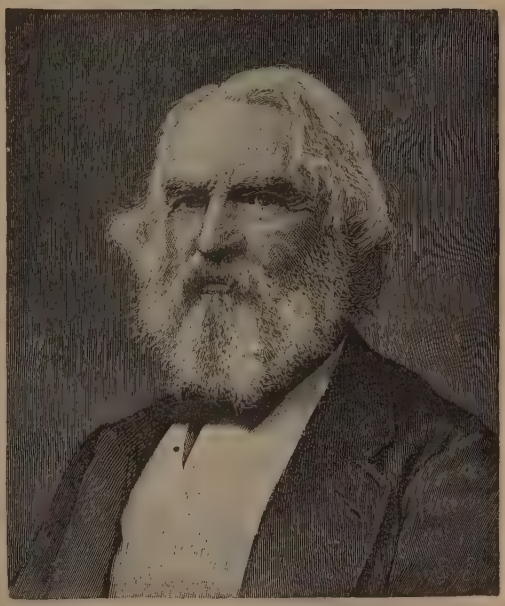
Hidden in the alder bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
And a deer came down the pathway,
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the stinging, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

hŭn′dred	ġĕn′tle	stŭd′ied	tēach′er
eûr′ling	eŏl′leġe	chĕst′nut	dą*ugh*′ter



There is an old house at Portland, Maine. It stands near the ocean.

Nearly a hundred years ago a little baby lived in this house. He had blue eyes and curling hair. He grew to be a very gentle boy. Everybody loved him.

He often played

by the sea. He loved the flowers and the trees an the water. He loved other children too. He studie very hard and could write letters when he wa only a little boy. He went to college when he wa thirteen.

You all know his name. It is Henry W. Longfe low. He wrote many poems. He wrote "Hiawatha.. "The Children's Hour" is about his own little girls

He wrote anothe poem called "Child ren." He wrote "Th Three Kings," whic is a beautiful Christ mas story.

When he was man he was a teache in Harvard College He lived in Cambridge in a house where Washingto once lived.

His daughter lives in this house now. She keep it just as it was when he was living. Many people g every year to see the house.

The children once gave him a chair made of chestnut tree. You can read about the tree in "Th Village Blacksmith."

Even the Indians know about Longfellow's poems

In 1900 the Indians in the West invited Alice Longfellow to visit them. They played "Hiawatha" for her.

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

—LONGFELLOW.

AN INDIAN STORY

spär′kled	whĭs′per ing	with′ered	erĭm′ṣon
spăr′rōws	tăn′a gers	rus′tling	sŏr′rў

Here is a story that the Indians tell to their little children at night by the wigwam fire.

Long and long ago, when the earth was young, there were no trees.

The ground was green with grass. Bright flowers lifted up their faces to the sun. But not a tree was to be found in all the great world.

Gitchee Manito looked down upon the beautiful earth. The wind blew softly. The water sparkled in the sunlight. The flowers were blooming everywhere.

So beautiful was the earth that Gitchee Manito came down from the sky and walked to and fro on it.

Wherever he went, trees sprang up from his fo prints. Fine and tall they grew, their leaves rustli and whispering in the air and light.

All summer the leaves were green, but when t frost came they turned brown and yellow and crimso

Then Gitchee Manito was sorry for the leave He knew they would soon be withered and dead.

So he came once more and gave each leaf a pa of wings and changed it into a bird.

The brown leaves were sparrows and snowbird and wrens.

The yellow leaves were goldfinches and orioles.

The crimson leaves were tanagers and red-bird and robins.

This is why the birds love the trees and mak their nests in them.

And this is why the trees love the birds and giv them good places to build, and shelter them fro the storms.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS

tap′ping sol′id be lieve′ lone′ly

Once upon a time there was a man who was very poor. He lived in a little hut by himself. He had no wife and no children.

One day he heard a tapping low down on his door. He opened the door and there was a little gray goose.

As soon as the door was opened, she stepped in and made herself at home.

The man was very glad to have her, because he was lonely. Besides, he thought she would lay eggs for him to eat.

The very first day the goose made a nest in the wood box.

When the man went to get the egg for his dinner, what do you think he found? — not a big white goose egg that he could eat, but an egg of solid, yellow gold!

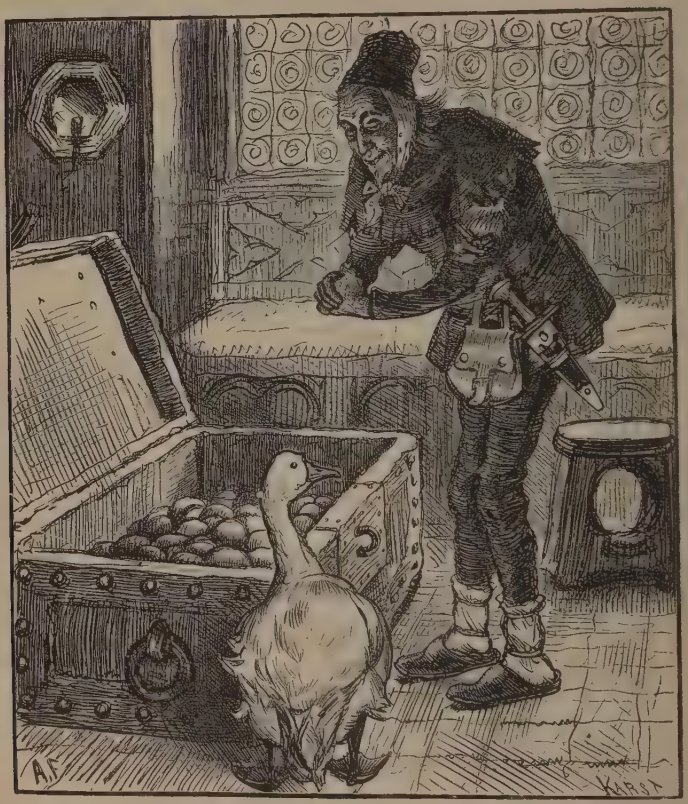
He could not believe his own eyes. He held the egg in his hand. He turned it over and over. He weighed it. It really was solid gold.

Every day the goose laid an egg just like the first one.

The man hid the eggs in a safe place.

He made the goose a soft nest. He gave her good

things to eat. He was very kind to her, and wel he might be, for she was very kind to him.



Every night he took out the golden eggs and looked at them.

At first he thought, "How rich I am getting!"

After a while he began to think he was not getting rich fast enough. And what do you think he did?

killed the poor little goose to get all the gold at ce, but he found no gold. The goose was just like y other goose.

He thought more of the gold than he did of the bse that was so good to him. So he lost the golden gs the goose would have laid if he had not killed r.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Mī'das brĕak'fast pōured

Once upon a time there was a very rich king lled Midas. King Midas had one little girl called rygold.

He loved this little girl better than anything else the world, but he loved gold nearly as well.

He thought about gold in the daytime and dreamed but it at night. He wanted to have more gold than y other man in the world.

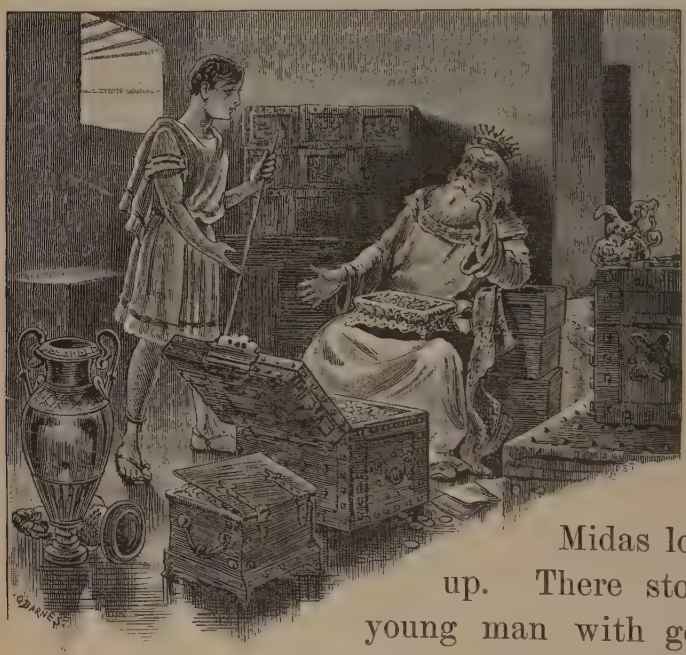
King Midas kept his gold in a dark room under palace.

Midas went into this dark place every day to look his gold.

He would wash his hands in the gold dust just to how bright it was. Then he would count the ney to see that it was all there.

After a while he began to want all the gold in the world. This made him very unhappy.

One day when he was sitting looking at his gold, a bright light fell about him.



Midas looked up. There stood a young man with golden hair and very bright eyes.

The young man was laughing and that made him look very pleasant. He looked at all the gold. Then he looked at King Midas.

"You are a very rich man, friend Midas," said he. "How did you get all this gold? I think no other man in the world has so much."

"This isn't much," said King Midas, "and it has taken me all my life to get it."

"How much would you like to have?" said the young man.

"I want everything I touch to turn to gold," said Midas.

"Are you sure you do?" said the young man, laughing still more pleasantly.

"Yes," said Midas, "that is just what I want."

"Very well, then. To-morrow at sunrise you shall have the Golden Touch."

The young man laughed more and more and grew brighter and brighter till the dull place was full of light.

The king put his hands over his eyes. When he looked up again the young man was gone.

King Midas lay awake all night waiting for sunrise. When he saw the sun, he touched the white cover on his bed. It was pure gold in a moment.

The king jumped out of bed and ran all around the room, touching everything. Everything turned to gold.

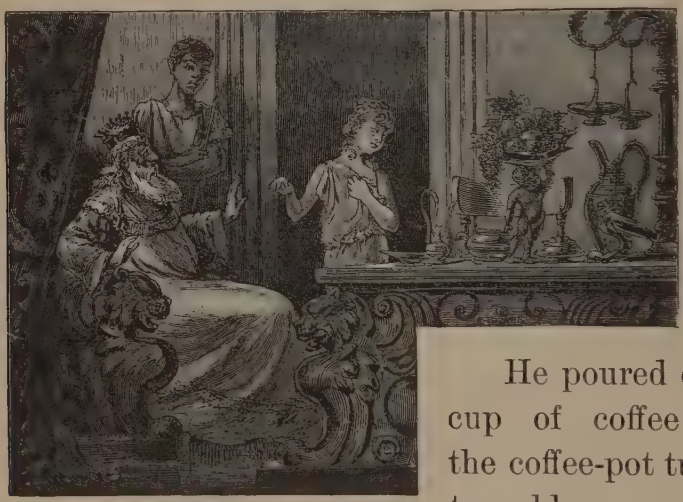
He put his clothes on and they turned to gold. He picked up his spectacles and they turned to gold, and he could not see through them.

He went out into the garden and touched the roses,

and they turned to gold. He went all around the garden and touched every rose.

A fly lighted on his nose. But it fell to the ground; for it was gold, too.

Then he went in to breakfast. Every dish he touched turned to gold.



He poured out a cup of coffee and the coffee-pot turned to gold.

He took a drink of coffee, and it turned to gold and burned his tongue.

Just then Marygold came in crying.

"Why are you crying this bright day?" said King Midas.

"See this rose," said the little girl. "They are all like this. There is not a red rose in the garden."

"How beautiful," said the king. "Do not cry

about that. If all roses were like that one, I should pick them myself."

"I don't like them," said the child, and she began to cry again.

"Come and let me kiss you," said Midas. "Then you will feel better."

The moment he kissed little Marygold she turned into a little golden girl. Her face was hard and yellow. Her hair was stiff. She could not walk.

There she was, with tears of gold in her eyes.

Her father took her hand, but it was hard, yellow gold. Her dress was gold and she had on little golden shoes.

The king could do nothing but cry and wish he was the poorest man in the world.

He cared nothing for the Golden Touch. His little girl was what he wanted.

Just then he saw the young man standing in the room.

"Well, King Midas, how do you like the Golden Touch?" said he.

"It has made me very unhappy," said the king.

"How is that?" said the young man.

"I have found that gold is not everything," said Midas. "I have lost my little girl. She is all I really care for."

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the young man. "Shall I take away the Golden Touch?"

"Yes, yes," said Midas.

"Go and bathe in the river in your garden," said the young man. "Then bring some water and put it on little Marygold."

Midas ran out and jumped into the river with all his clothes on. Then he hurried back with some water and put it on little Marygold.

"Oh, Father, see how you have wet my clothes," said little Marygold. "Why are you putting water on me?"

Marygold did not know that she had been turned to gold, and her father did not tell her. She was dripping wet and had to go and put on dry clothes.

King Midas put some of the water on everything that had been turned to gold.

Marygold soon came back with dry clothes on, and picked some roses.

King Midas went about touching things all day. He wanted to be sure the Golden Touch was gone.

He hated the sight of gold all his life. He never went near the dark room. The gold was given to feed the poor, and King Midas was a happy man.

—*Adapted from Hawthorne.*

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Rock-a-bye baby,
In the tree top!
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall;
Down will come baby,
Cradle, and all.

THE BROWN BABY

fĭn′gers hăm′mock bä nä′nas môrn′ing
stŏck′ings păr′rots e͡o͡ō′e͡o͡a nut strā*ight*
e͡o͡l′ored mo̤n′keys o̤r′ang e̤s

The little brown baby lives far away in a warm country. She has a brown face. She has little brown hands and fingers. She has brown feet and toes.

The brown baby does not wear a dress. She does not wear shoes and stockings. It is warm where she lives, so she does not need to wear clothes.

Her hair is very straight and black. She plays out of doors every day. It is never too cold.

She sees the monkeys. They climb among the trees. They hang by their tails. They chatter to her.

She sees green and red parrots. Often she plays with little gold-colored snakes.

The brown baby eats cocoanuts. She has a little cup made from a cocoanut shell. Sometimes she drinks cocoanut milk from it.

She eats bananas and oranges and many other nice fruits, but she has never seen bread and butter. She has never dreamed of ice cream or candy.

At night she sleeps in a hammock. The hammock is in a tree. Her father made it of vines for her.

The wind rocks the little hammock. Her mother sits under the tree and sings her a sweet song. Soon she is fast asleep.

If she wakes up, she sees the stars. Sometimes she sees the little birds with their heads under their wings. The monkeys often curl up near her and go to sleep.

All night long the wind rocks the little brown

baby. The moon shines down on her. The leaves rustle softly.

In the morning the great round sun comes up. He shines on the brown baby's eyes. The birds and monkeys call to her. Soon her eyes are wide open.

Then her mother comes and takes her down. She dips her into the brook for a bath. She rolls her in the grass to dry.

Then the little brown baby has her breakfast. After that she plays with the birds and monkeys and flowers.

THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY

ĕm′er ald	per hăps′	vĕġ′e ta ble	dāin′ty
ehrŷs′a lis	eôl′ors	cat′er pil lar	ŭg′ly

A tiny humming bird lived in a rose garden.

He was no bigger than your thumb. He was bright green like an emerald. On his throat was a spot like a live coal.

Oh, he was very proud. He was proud of his pretty colors. He was proud of his strong little wings. He was proud because he was so dainty.

He never ate anything but nectar from the flowers.

He lived all day in the air. He hardly ever touched even a twig with his pretty little feet.

One day he flew over into a vegetable garden.

"This is a very common place," said he. "I should not like to live here."

Just then he saw a green caterpillar on a parsnip leaf. "Ugh, what an ugly creature," said the humming bird.

The green caterpillar put out her little yellow horns. The humming bird thought she was going to speak to him.

"Do not speak to me," said he. "You are too ugly. It makes me feel faint to see you." And away he flew to the rose garden.

The poor caterpillar felt very sad. She wished she could be beautiful like the humming bird.

One day her skin began to feel tight.

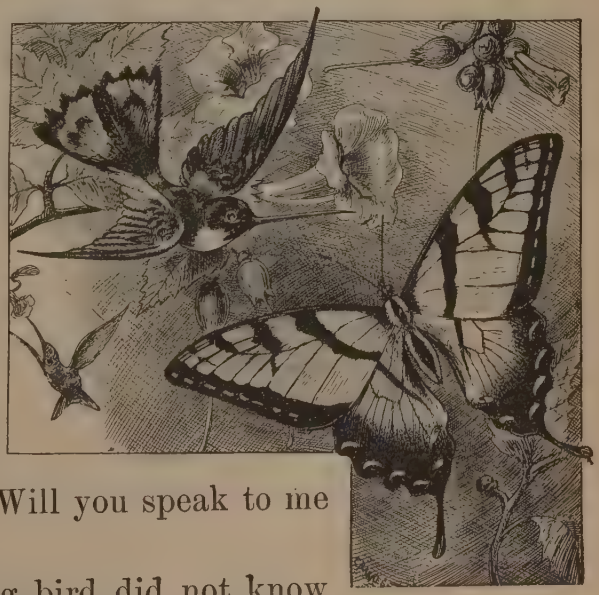
"I think that I shall soon have a new skin," said the caterpillar. "Perhaps I shall not be so ugly then."

Sure enough she did get a new skin. The old one split down the back and came off. Under it was a bright, new skin, but it looked just like the old skin, only it was a little bigger.

One day the caterpillar did not feel hungry. She climbed up on the under side of a stem. There she tied herself with a silk thread.

What do you think she did then? She turned into a chrysalis like that which you see in the picture.

In a few weeks out she came, a beautiful blue and black butterfly. She had six legs. Her eyes were like jewels. Best of all, she had four beautiful wings. She wanted nothing but nectar to eat, so she flew into the rose garden.



Whom should she meet there but the humming bird?

"I am the caterpillar you thought so ugly," said she. "Will you speak to me now?"

The humming bird did not know what to say. He wished very much to have the butterfly for a friend. But he was so much ashamed

of the way he had treated her that he could not say so.

The butterfly lived in the rose garden till she grew tired of it. Then she thought she would go back to her old home.

One morning she flew back to the very same parsnip bed where she lived when she was a caterpillar.

She laid many eggs on the parsnips. "When my eggs hatch, the little caterpillars will have food," thought she. "Now I will go back to the rose garden and enjoy myself."

THE SONG OF THE LARK

här′vest	ẽar′ly	flōat′ing	dī′a mond
hĕav′en	prĭṣ′on er	fād′ing	hăp′pi ness
rēa′ṣǫn	a͟l′th͟ough	hëärt	bĭt′ter ly

Out in the country it was harvest time. The wheat was ripe and ready to be cut.

It was early in the morning. The stars were fading. The clouds in the east were touched with red.

Just as the sun rose, a lark flew up, up into the bright, blue sky, singing and singing.

A poor girl was going out into the field to work.

She had worked as long as there was light the day before. The time for rest had been very short. She felt tired and sad.

The lark's song came floating down through the still air. She stopped to listen.

It seemed to her that an angel stood and sang at the open door of Heaven.

All her hard work was forgotten. The world seemed full of beauty and happiness.

When she could hear the lark's song no longer, she looked about her. She hardly knew where she was. This seemed a new world. She saw the beauty of the fields and sky.

At her feet was a daisy. It had opened that morning. In its heart lay a diamond dewdrop.

Then the girl went on to her work. Her heart felt lighter. The day did not seem so long.

The daisy had heard the song of the lark, too. It looked up at the bird that could fly and sing.

"How happy I am," thought the daisy, "I can see and hear. The sun shines upon me. The grass kisses me."

Just then the lark flew down to the daisy.

He hopped around it and sang: "How soft the grass is. What a lovely little flower this is. It has a golden heart and a dress of silver."

How happy the daisy was. The bird kissed it and sang to it. Then he flew up to the blue sky.

The next morning at sunrise the girl came again to her work. She looked and listened for the bird, but she did not hear him.

The daisy heard him singing a sad little song.

The poor bird had good reason to be sad. He was a prisoner in a cage. The cage hung at an open window of a house.

All day the lark sat drooping in his prison. Sometimes he sang sadly of the fresh green fields, and of the blue sky.

By and by two little boys came out of the house. One of them had a large knife. They came straight to the daisy.

"Here is a nice piece of sod for the lark," said one boy. Then he cut out a square around the daisy.

"Pull the flower off," said the other boy.

"No, let it stay," said the first boy. "It looks so pretty."

So the daisy was put into the lark's cage. The poor bird was beating his wings against the wire, and he did not see the daisy at first.

"They have gone away and left me without water," said the lark. "What shall I do? My throat is like fire."

By and by he saw the daisy. He touched it with his beak. "You will die here, little flower. You and the grass are all I have. Once I had the whole world."

The daisy spread out its white petals. It showed its golden heart as much as it could. The poor bird looked at it, although he was dying of thirst.

Evening came, but no one brought any water. The lark sank down on the grass. He spread his little wings out wide. Then he was dead.

The flower could not shut up its petals and sleep. It felt weak and ill. It drooped its head sadly.

Next morning the boys came and found the lark dead. Then they cried bitterly. But that did not help the poor bird.

They had taken him out of the free air and shut him up in a cage.

While he was living they forgot him and left him to die of thirst.

Now it did no good to cry over him and bury him in a pretty box.

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.

—SHAKESPEARE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Gen′o a	Lat′in	an′i mals	īs′lands
It′a ly	sail′ors	ĕăr′a vans	four teen
In′di a	ĕom′pass	ea na′ry	*k*nelt

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy, nearly five hundred years ago. His father was a poor wool-comber and the little boy learned to do the same work.

Genoa is on the sea. At that time, ships were coming and going every day.

Christopher loved the water. He liked to talk with sailors, so he often heard stories of the lands they had seen. He sometimes saw the strange birds and animals they brought home.

Many a time he wished he could sail away on the great ships and see other places.

He went to school enough to learn Latin, writing, and map drawing. When he was fourteen years old he went to sea. He was captain of a small ship when he was a very young man.

At that time people were afraid to sail very far from land. They thought that the earth was flat and that ships might fall over the edge of it.

Columbus thought the earth was round. He thought he could sail around it to India.

Silk was brought overland from India by caravans. This took a long time.

Columbus thought he could find a short way to bring the silk in ships.

He had no money to get ships and sailors, but he did not give up. He spent many years visiting kings to ask for help.

People thought he was crazy and laughed at him.

Columbus grew poorer and poorer. His clothes were old and he had no money to buy new ones.

At last the king and queen of Spain sent for him. They wanted to hear what he had to say.

They gave him new clothes and said they would help him when they were not so busy.

Columbus waited a long time. Then he made up his mind to go away from Spain. He was growing to

be an old man, and he thought he had no more time to waste.

Queen Isabella heard this and sent for him. Columbus told her all that he hoped to do. The queen said that money should be given to him.

The money was hard to get because so much had been spent on a long war. But at last Columbus set out with three ships.

As the ships sailed out to sea, the men looked back at the home they were leaving, and thought they should never see it again.

In a short time they reached the Canary Islands. Here they mended their ships and made ready for a long sail. Nobody knew what lay west of these islands.

As they sailed out into the west, the men sobbed and cried like little children.

Soon the compass began to point in a new direction. This frightened the sailors more than ever.

The men made a plan to throw Columbus into the ocean, so that they could turn back.

One day they saw a branch with berries on it in the water. A carved stick floated by. Flocks of land birds were seen.

All these things made the men think they were

near land. So they did not throw Columbus into the ocean.

Early in the morning of October 12, 1492, they saw land. Beautiful trees and flowers of kinds they had never seen were before them. Brown men, women, and children stood looking at the ships.

Columbus dressed himself in his best clothes and went ashore with ten men.

There he knelt down and thanked God. Then he set up a wooden cross and the flag of Spain.

Columbus thought he had found India; so he called the people Indians.

The Indians thought the white men were gods. They thought the ships had come down from the sky. They thought the sails were wings.

The white men gave them beads and rings. These pleased the poor Indians very much. They had never seen such things.

Columbus sailed about and found many islands. The weather was like spring in Spain. There were flowers everywhere. Birds with feathers of green and gold flew among the trees.

At the end of three months Columbus went back to Spain. People no longer thought him crazy. Every one wanted to see him.

In the picture we see him telling his story to the

queen. She gave him clothes fit for a king. He had no trouble to get money and ships to sail to the new country again.

Every one thought Columbus had found a new way to India. No one guessed he had found a new land.

SANTA CLAUS

nĭx′ieṣ	*g*nōmeṣ	gŏb′linṣ	ēā′pered
pĭx′ieṣ	sprītes	sẽrv′ants	här′nessed

Far away in the Northland lived a boy called Claus.

On his first birthday, strange things came to pass.

The fairies, the dwarfs, the elves, the nixies, the pixies, the goblins, the gnomes, the water sprites, and the brownies came to his father's house.

They capered and jumped, and sang strange songs all night. All the air was filled with magic music.

Even when he was a baby, Claus did wonderful things. He made toys of everything that he picked up.

When he grew a little older, he made more beautiful things. He could make carts, horses, dogs, lambs, trees, engines, knives, paper dolls, rag dolls, wax dolls, rubber dolls, all kinds of dolls.

All the other children liked Claus. He gave away everything he made. All he cared for was making things.

Claus talked with the trees, the rocks, and all the beasts. He knew the language of all the birds. He knew where to find all the fairies.

When Claus was twenty-one years old, all the fairy folks came again to see him.

"We are your servants," they cried, dancing and singing for joy.

"Go then to your homes," said Claus. "Bring me the best you have. Look deep in the earth, O earth men, and bring me gold and diamonds. Bring me pearls and beautiful shells from the ocean, O sea men."

All the others he sent to fly in at the windows and doors, and see what the children were doing. Claus wanted to know which children were good and which were bad.

Away went all the fairy people to do his bidding.

All the beasts of the forest and birds of the air came to Claus.

"Choose from among us," they said. "We all want to serve you."

Claus chose the reindeer to draw his sled. "You shall go with me," he said. "You can run most swiftly."

Many and many times has Claus harnessed his reindeer and gone all over the world.

Children sometimes hear the sleigh bells, but no one ever saw Santa Claus or his reindeer. He comes at night when people are sleeping. In the morning children know he has been there, by finding the toys and candy.

Adapted from Eugene Field.

THE FLAX

lĭn'en	re frĕsh'ing	sōaked	rōast'ed
ĕlăt'ter	wŏn'der ful	cōmbed	prĭnt'er
spĭr'it	sprĭn'kle	tȳpe	sur prīzed'

The flax was in full bloom. It had pretty little blue flowers. The sun shone, and the rain watered it. This is just as good for flax as it is for children to be washed and kissed. They look much prettier, and so did the flax.

"How well I look," said the flax. "People think me very beautiful. They say I will make a fine piece of linen. How pleasant it is to be of some use. I am

very happy. The sun is so bright. The rain is so refreshing. No one can be happier than I am."

"I have lived longer than you have," said the fern. "I do not think the world is so pleasant. You will not be so happy always."

"Why not?" said the flax. "The sun will always be shining if it is not raining. I like both the sun and the rain. I am growing. I am in full bloom. I am getting ready to be of use. I am very happy."

One day a man came and pulled the flax up by the roots. Then he laid it in water. The flax thought it would be drowned.

The flax was soaked. It was roasted. It was broken. It was combed.

At last it was put on the spinning wheel. Whirr, whirr, went the wheel. Soon the flax was fine thread.

Then it was put into the loom. Clatter, clatter, went the loom. Before long the flax was a beautiful piece of linen.

"How wonderful. Here I am, something useful at last. Once I was only flax. Now I am linen. Now great care is taken of me. Here I lie on a green lawn. Every morning the maid turns me over and sprinkles me. I grow whiter and more beautiful every day."

After some time the linen was taken into the house. There it was made into a dozen fine shirts.

"I grow more useful every day," said the flax.

Years passed by. At last the linen was worn out. "I would have been glad to last a little longer," thought the linen, "but this must be the end of me."

The linen rags were taken to a mill. There they were torn into tiny pieces. They were soaked and made into pulp, and then into writing paper.

"Well, now, what a pleasant surprise," said the paper. "I am finer than I was before. Now I shall be written upon."

Sure enough, beautiful stories were written on the paper. People who read them were made happier and better.

The paper was sent to the printer. All the words on it were set up in type.

Many hundreds of books were printed, and this is one of the stories.

At last the paper was put into the fire and burned. The children sat on the rug and watched it blaze.

"Now I am going straight to the sun," said a little voice in the flames.

The children heard it. They listened and tried to make out what it said, but they could not.

When there was nothing left but black ashes, the children sang:—

"Snip, snap, snurre,
Basse lure:
The song is ended."

But the song was not ended. The spirit of the flax floated up and up into the bright sunshine and clear air, singing and singing for joy.

—*Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.*

THE DISCONTENTED PINE TREE

dĭs-ĕŏn tĕnt'ed sīgh'ing nee'dles wŏn'dered

There was once a little pine tree who did not like his needles. He was always sighing softly. Sometimes tears ran down his bark.

One day a fairy came and said, "What kind of leaves do you want?" "Gold leaves," said the pine tree.

So the fairy put the little tree to sleep.

In the morning he woke up. How beautiful he looked. His leaves shone in the sun. All the other trees stood on tiptoe to get a peep at him.

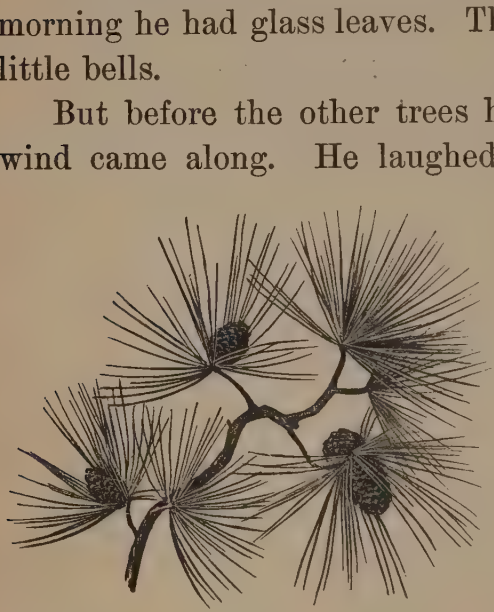
Then a man came through the woods with a bag in his hand. As soon as he saw the gold leaves he began to put them into his bag. He looked the tree all over to be sure that not even one little leaf was left.

The little tree wept till his tears ran down on the ground.

The fairy came again. "What do you want now?" said she. "I want glass leaves," said the tree.

Again the fairy put the little tree to sleep. In the morning he had glass leaves. They made a sound like little bells.

But before the other trees had time to see him a wind came along. He laughed and shook the little tree, and all the leaves fell down and were broken.



The little tree said, "Now I will ask the fairy to give me leaves like other trees."

When the fairy came, the tree asked for soft green leaves, and in the morning he had them. The other trees wondered what had become of him.

About noon a goat and her kids came into the wood. They could reach up to the little tree, and they ate all his new leaves.

The little tree called and called for the fairy, but she did not come at once. When she did come she looked angry.

"I am tired changing your leaves," she said. "I will only do it once more."

"Oh, please give me back my needles. I do not want any other kind of leaves," said the poor little tree.

So the fairy gave him back the needles, and he has been happy ever since.

THE STAR MONEY

trŭst'ing hŭn'grў bĕgged mòn'ey

Once upon a time there was a poor little girl. Her father and mother were dead. She had nothing but the clothes she had on, and a little bit of bread in her hand. Some one had given that to her.

She was a good child, so she went out into the fields, trusting in the good God.

There a poor man met her and said: —

"I am so hungry. Give me some bread." And she gave him all her bread and went on.

Then a child came and said, "I have no hat. Give me something to put on my head." So she took off her hood and gave it to him.

When she had gone a little farther, she met a child who had no coat. He was very cold, so she gave him her coat.

Then a little farther on she met a child wh begged for her dress, and she gave that away, too.

At last she came to a forest, and it was growing dark. Another little child came and begged for a little shirt.

The little girl thought, "It is dark here. I can do without my little shirt," and she took it off and gave it to the child.

And as she stood with not one thing left, some stars fell down from the sky. The little girl ran to look, and she saw that they had all turned into gold money.

Though she had just given away all her clothes, she had on fine new clothes.

So she gathered the money into the skirt of the little dress and was rich all her life.

— *Adapted from Grimm.*

THE WOMAN AND THE DOG

chăr'i ot	sōl'diers	pŭb'lic	foun'tăin
com mĭt'ted	tĕr'ror	slip'per	chāins

The king rode out in his chariot. In the street he saw a woman who had committed a crime.

Soldiers were leading her out to die. Her face

was white with terror. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was just at noon. A hot wind was blowing. The sun was like fire.

People crowded up to the public fountain to drink.

A poor dog came to drink, but he could not reach the water, and he fell beside the fountain dying of thirst.

When the woman came by, she begged the soldiers to let her stop a moment. Then she took off her slipper and filled it with water for the dog to drink.

The dog drank and licked her hand. Then he followed her, the only friend she had in that great city.

The king saw this and called to the soldiers: "Take off her chains. She shall not die."

Then he said to the woman, "The law is that you should die. But I cannot be less kind to you than you have been to this poor beast. Go to your house in peace."

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As children ought to be.

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight,
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
I have to go to bed by day?—R. L. Stevenson.

A FAR-OFF LAND

quī′et	bōwl	ĕăr′rў ing	piēce
skāt′ing	queer	shĭv′er ing	tŏss

How warm it was that July day! There was not a cloud in the sky. Everything was so quiet that even the leaves seemed to be asleep.

Helen came into the sitting room, gave her hat a toss, and lay down on a rug by the door.

"Oh, how I wish I lived where such warm days never come!" said Helen. "How nice it would be to go skating on the pond!"

As she looked around the room, a great change

came over it. It seemed like a large bowl turned upside down.

It was small and low. In the middle a man could stand, but at the side, her own head touched the top.

There were no windows in this queer little house, and only one door. The door was so low that she had to bend her head to go in and out.

In the middle of the room there was a small hole in which there was a fire. Just above it there was a hole in the top of the house to let smoke out.

There were no chairs, no table, no bed, no paper on the wall, no books, and no pictures.

There were furs lying around the sides of the room. Helen looked under these furs and found snow.

She touched the wall and found that it was ice and snow. "What a queer house," she thought.

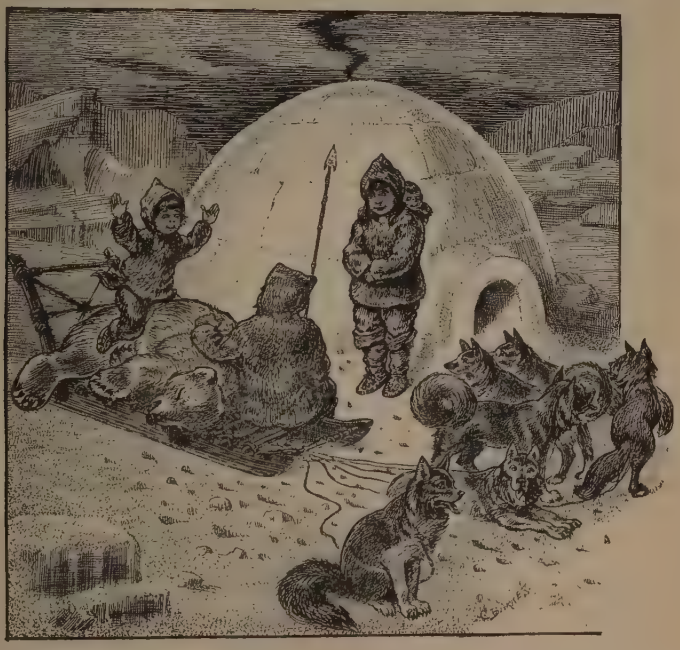
Her own clothes had turned into furs. She was dressed in furs from head to foot.

She looked out at the low door. She could see nothing but snow, and some queer little snow houses like the one she was in.

Not far from the door, she saw a father, mother, and two children. The father was sitting on a queer-looking sled, to which six dogs were hitched.

All the people she saw had very dark faces, and

they were dressed in furs just as Helen was. The father and mother were not nearly so tall as her own father and mother.



They all came into the house, the father carrying a piece of meat. The mother cut off large pieces and gave them to the children.

They did not wait for the meat to be cooked, but ate it at once. Helen did not like this.

"But then," thought she, "how could they cook it if they wished to do so? They have no stove."

She did not know that they sometimes cooked their meat over the little fire in the middle of the room.

Then one of the children asked her if she did not want a piece of bear meat. Bear meat! She had never eaten such meat as that.

She said she was hungry, but had rather have a piece of bread and butter. These children had never heard of bread and butter.

Helen sat shivering before the little fire. She thought how much more pleasant the room was before the change.

How she wished to be warm and have a nice supper. "Helen! Helen! come, dear, supper is ready. Have you had a pleasant nap this afternoon?"

THE DOVE AND HER CHILDREN

jo*û*r'ney	yo*ŭ*ng	elā*i*mṣ	spē*a*r
prŏph'et	e*oo*ed	sprĕ*a*d	tī*e*d
prĕṣ'ent	el*ŏ*th	p*oi*nts	d*ô*ve

There was once a man who wished very much to be good. He set off on a long journey to see a prophet. He thought the prophet could tell him how.

On the way he went through a forest. There he heard the cries of young doves.

He stopped to look. In a tree he saw the nest. Beside it cooed the mother dove.

The man climbed to the nest. He took the young doves and tied them in a cloth. Then he went on his way.

The mother dove followed, a little way behind him, but he did not see her.

When he came to the prophet's house, the prophet came out to meet him.

"See the young doves I have brought as a present," said the man.

But the prophet saw the mother dove in a palm tree near by. "Open the cloth," said he. The man did so and put the little doves on the ground at the prophet's feet.

Down flew the mother dove and spread her wings over them.

"See," said the prophet, "how this poor dove loves her young ones. She is braver than the soldier who rides against the spear points. Put the young ones back into the nest. She claims them. They are hers."

So the man took the little doves back to the nest, and the mother followed him all the way.

WHAT FRED AND HIS FATHER FOUND IN THE PARK

prĭṣ′on er	păck′aġe	ēō cōōn′	a mȯng′
wạl′nut	ma′ple	cat′er pil lar	lī′lăc

One day Fred went to walk in the park with his father.

It was a cold day in winter. The leaves were gone from the trees and snow lay upon the ground.

Fred walked along with his hands in his pockets and his cap over his eyes. He didn't look around much, for he thought there was nothing to see. All the flowers were gone. The fountain was covered up. Not a squirrel was in sight.

Fred's father stopped and looked up into a tree. Fred stopped, too, and looked up to see what his father was looking at, but he could not see anything.

Then his father reached up with his umbrella and drew down a branch.

"What is this, Fred?" said he.

"Nothing but some old leaves," said Fred.

"Look again, my boy," said his father. Then he pulled the bunch of dead leaves loose and put it into Fred's hand.

It felt too heavy for dead leaves, and Fred looked closer.

The leaves were held together by what Fred thought was some kind of paper just the color of the dead leaves.

His father took away the leaves and showed him what was inside of them.

"What is it, Papa?" said Fred. "I never saw anything like it. It is something wrapped up in brown paper."

"See if you can open the little package, Fred," said his father.

Fred turned it over and over, but he could find no place to open it. He tried to tear the paper but he could not.

"Please tell me what it is, Papa," said Fred again.

"No," said his father, "we will take it home and you may find out for yourself."

Fred's father put the little package, as Fred called it, in a cool place, and told Fred to leave it till the next summer.

Fred watched it for a long time. Sometimes he could hear something moving inside of it.

At last one warm day he found a hole in the little package.

"Oh, Papa," he cried, "come here!"

As soon as his father saw the hole, he began to look around the room. Fred began to look, too, and

it was Fred who found a beautiful large moth on th table cover.

The little boy had never seen a moth of this kind and he was very much pleased. He forgot his little package altogether.

"Where did it come from, Papa? Isn't it pretty? May I keep it?" said Fred all in one breath.

"Your little package is a cocoon, and this moth came out of it," said his father. "You may keep it for a day or two, for this kind of moth does not eat anything. But then you must let it fly out in the sunshine. Its home is among the trees, and we must not make a prisoner of it all its little life."

Fred learned many things about moths and butterflies that summer.

One day his father showed him a great green caterpillar that he had found on a walnut tree.

Fred was afraid to go near it at first. He was afraid it might bite him. But his father told him that it could not hurt anybody, even to save its life.

Fred's father put the caterpillar into a box with a glass cover. Fred gave it fresh walnut leaves every day.

In a few days it spun a cocoon just like the one Fred's father had found in the park.

Fred had asked his father many times what made

the cocoons. This is the way his father answered him.

As soon as the leaves were off the trees, Fred went out to look for cocoons.

Wherever he saw dead leaves hanging on the trees or bushes, he looked with care. Sometimes he found cocoons even among the leaves on the ground. Once he found one that had fallen on the sidewalk.

WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER

ĕmp'ty	pĭtch'er	mĭn'ute	shrănk
pŭn'ish	kĭtch'en	crȳs'tals	*w*hōle
chī'na	pi*e*c'es	vĭs'it ors	grō*a*ned

It was a winter night. It was still, bright, and cold.

Katy stood by the sitting room window, looking out.

"It's going to be a bad night," said her father. "It's growing colder every minute."

"Is it?" said Katy's mother. "Then, Katy, you must go up to the spare room and empty the china pitcher."

"Yes, Mamma," said Katy; but she didn't go.

Katy's mother was rocking the baby to sleep.

Ten minutes passed by. Then she spoke again, "Go Katy, and empty the pitcher. It was your grand mother's pitcher, and I wouldn't have it broken fo anything."

"Yes, Mamma, I'll go in a minute," said Katy.

"Well, dear, be sure to remember," said he mother; and she went to lay the baby down.

Just then Jamie came in with some new skates and Katy forgot all about the pitcher.

Jack Frost was outside. He laughed and snapped his icy fingers.

"That little girl will not empty the pitcher," said he to himself. "She is one of the careless kind. I know them.

"Now, little Miss, I'll just go in and punish you for not doing what you were told to do, at once.

"The spare room is for visitors. I'll go in and spend the night there. Where is it, I wonder? I'll look for it."

Jack Frost went around the house softly and looked in at the kitchen window.

Inside was a great red-hot stove. On it was a teakettle sending out clouds of steam.

Jack Frost shook his head. "That is no place for me," he said. "It would kill me in a minute. I won't go in there."

He went on, looking in at one window after another. At last he found a room where there was no fire.

"This must be the spare room. Yes; there is the very pitcher I mean to break.

"It is a pity to break so pretty a pitcher," he said. "But Katy should have emptied it."

He stole quietly in, making everything he touched cold.

He climbed up on the washstand and looked into the pitcher.

"There is not much water, but I'll make it do,"

said he. Then he put his icy fingers into the pitcher.

The water shivered and shrank back. "Oh," it cried, "I am so cold;" and it shrank more and more.

Soon it called out, "If you don't go away, Jack Frost, I shall freeze."

"Good," laughed Jack Frost, "that is just what I want you to do."

All at once many little voices came from the pitcher. They sounded like sleigh bells in Fairyland.

"Ho, ho!" they cried, "Jack Frost is making us into beautiful crystals."

Then the drops of water began to turn into crystals. But in doing this, they pushed very hard against the sides of the pitcher.

The poor pitcher cried out, "Don't push me so hard. I am afraid I shall break."

"We can't help it," said the drops. "We are freezing and we must have more room."

The pitcher groaned and cried out again, "Don't, don't! I can't keep from breaking!"

But the drops only said, "We can't help it. We must have more room."

At last with a loud cry the poor pitcher cracked.

Jack Frost made some beautiful pictures on the windows. Then he stole away softly.

In the morning the china pitcher lay upon the washstand in pieces.

Katy wished that she had gone to empty the pitcher as soon as her mother told her to go. But being sorry couldn't make the pitcher whole again.

— From "Cat Tails," published by A. Flanagan Co.

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO KILLED THE GIANT

shĕp′herd	cap′tain	är′mor	shi*ē*ld
moun′ta*i*ns	thŭn′der	är′mies	lō*a*ves
thou′sands	de fy̆′	săn′dals	slā*i*n

David was a shepherd boy. He lived in the mountains and took care of his father's sheep. All day long he was alone with them.

While the sheep were feeding he watched them. If any strayed away, he brought them back to the flock. When they lay down to rest, he played upon his harp and made up songs.

At night he gathered the sheep together. When they were all quiet he lay down among them and slept.

Once a lion came out from among the rocks and took a lamb. David followed it. It dropped the lamb and turned upon him. David caught it by the

mane and killed it with a club. A bear came night, but he killed that too. He was never afraid.

As the days passed, David grew taller and stronge He had red cheeks and golden hair. He was ver handsome, but he never thought of his beauty. H thought only of his sheep and of the war that wa going on. His three brothers were in the king's army

One day David's father said: "Leave your sheep my son. I want you to go down to see how you brothers are. Take these loaves of bread to them an this cheese to their captain."

So David left his sheep with a keeper and wen early in the morning.

Just as he came up, the two armies were ready for battle. They were in line facing each other, bu both armies were standing still.

David ran to see what they were doing. There between the two armies, was the largest giant eve seen.

The giant shook his spear and shouted in a voic of thunder: "Send a man out to fight with me. defy your whole army. Send a man out to figh with me."

David said: "Will no man go? Then I will go."

David's brother heard him and said: "Hush! am ashamed of you. You are only a boy. You can

not fight this giant. Go back to those few sheep and take care of them. Do not come here boasting."

But other men ran and told the king. The king called David, but when he saw that he was only a boy, he said: "You cannot fight this giant. You are not old enough."

David said, "I killed a lion and a bear, and I can kill this giant."

The king brought his own armor and sword. David tried to wear them, but he could not walk. They were too heavy.

So he took his shepherd's crook and his sling in his hand, and five round stones in his shepherd's bag, and went out to meet the giant.

Now the giant was dressed in brass armor from head to foot. He had a brass helmet. His spear was like a weaver's beam. A man carried a huge shield before him.

David was dressed in a sheepskin. His shepherd's bag hung at his belt. A shepherd's crook was in his hand. His head was bare.

When the giant saw a rosy-cheeked boy coming, he laughed loud and long. Then he shouted, "Am I a dog that you come out with a stick to beat me?"

David ran toward him. As he ran he put a stone into his sling and threw it with all his might. The

stone struck the giant on the forehead, and he fell o his face. All the army of the giant ran away.

A captain came out to meet David and led him t the king. The king's son took off all his rich clothes and his sword, and bow, and belt, and put them o David.

Then the army marched back to the king's city. Girls came out to meet them. They sang, "The king has slain his thousands, and David has slain his ten thousands."

When the king died, David was made king in his place. He lived a long time and was a great king, but he never forgot his happy life with the sheep.

He often played upon his harp and sang as he did when he was a boy. Some of his songs are the grandest songs that were ever sung. People often sing them now.

THE SNOW IMAGE

Pē′ō nў	ĭm′ăge	frŏst′y	glĭt′tered
cŏm′fort a ble	fĭn′ished	whĭrled	nŏn′sĕnse

Violet and Peony were playing out in the snow. Their mother was sewing at the window where she could see them.

Violet was a little girl. Peony was her little brother. His cheeks were red as a peony. So people gave him that name. It was not his real name.

"Let us make an image out of the snow," said Violet. "It shall be our little sister and play with us all winter long. But she must stay out of doors. We must not take her into the house. The heat will not be good for her."

"Oh, yes," cried Peony. "Let us make a little snow girl."

So they set to work. Peony brought snow and Violet made the image.

Soon the snow image was finished. "Isn't she

sweet?" said Violet; "but she is too white. Kiss her, Peony, with your red lips."

"Oh, see!" said Peony. "A red light is shining on her from the clouds! It makes her cheeks red."

"And, oh, see!" cried Violet, "her hair is like gold!"

Then they both kissed the little girl. What a cold kiss!

Just then a frosty wind blew through the garden. It whirled the snow all about.

The mother looked out. What did she see? A little girl skipping lightly about with her two children.

The mother came to the door to see the little stranger. She thought she would bring all the children in to the fire.

"Who is the little girl, Violet?" said she. "She should not be out in the cold in a white dress and with no wraps. Bring her in."

"Why, Mamma," said Violet, "this is our little snow sister. We have just made her."

"Yes, Mamma," said Peony, "we have just made her. Isn't she pretty?"

"Violet," said her mother, "tell me the truth. Do not jest any more."

"It is true, Mamma," said Violet. "Peony will tell you so."

"Yes, Mamma," said Peony. "She is a little snow girl. Feel how cold her hand is."

The mother looked at the little girl. She was

white and sparkling like snow. She glittered like frost. What should be done?

Just then the father came home. "What child is this?" he cried. "Why have you not taken her into the house? She will freeze out here. Just look at her thin white dress. Come in, child, and get warm."

"Oh, father," cried Violet, "she is our little snow-girl. Do not take her into the house. She cannot live where it is warm."

"Nonsense," cried the father. "It is some little girl that is lost. We will take her into the house. Then I will go and find who has lost a little girl."

He went close to the snow child and tried to take her hand, but she shook her head and ran.

He ran all about among the snowdrifts after her. At last he caught her.

She hung her head and looked sad.

"You strange little thing," said the good man. "Do not be afraid. Come in and we will put a warm dress on you and take you home!"

So he led her into the house and gave her a little rocking chair in front of the fire.

"She is half frozen, poor child," he said. "Make her comfortable. I will go and find out where she belongs."

He was only at the door when both children screamed, "Father, come back! Come back!"

There was nothing but a little heap of snow on the rug. While he looked, it melted into a little pool of water.

"We told you so, father," sobbed the children. "You would bring our dear little snow sister in, and now she is thawed."

But the father thought she had run away when they were not looking. He thought the snow came from the children's feet.

—*Adapted from Hawthorne.*

THE WISE FAIRY

pā′tient ly	splăsh′ing	dĭtch′ers
dĭs′taffs	săl′mon	pleas′ure
be like′	trŭst′y	lōne′sŏme

Once in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree;
A dear little, queer little fairy
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,

And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand;
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women,
Patiently day by day,
Spinning and spinning and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dyke,
Digging and digging and digging,
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children
Their goats from the pasture take,
Or saw them milking and milking,
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a splashing in their milk-pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes in the night, a fisher
Would hear her sweet low call,

And all at once a salmon of gold,
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,
Or spinner, or child so gay,
Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
Or staked his pleasure at play,
The fairy's gold in his very hold,
Would turn to a lump of clay.

— Alice Cary.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ĕăb′in	wăg′ons	păcked	wrĕs′tling
fōrd′ed	*h*ŏn′ored	ĕămped	chär′e*o*al
mŏ*e*′ea sins	rā*i*l′rō*a*ds	se*â*rce	ẽarn

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky nearly a hundred years ago.

The family were very poor. They had a little log

cabin with bare floors and walls. What furniture they had was home-made and very rough.

Abraham's mother taught him to read and write a little.

When Abraham was eight years old, his father moved to Indiana. In those days there were no railroads. There were not even roads for wagons.

All their goods were packed on two horses. The father and mother and children walked. They forded the rivers for there were no bridges. At night they camped and built a fire.

When they came to their new home in the forest, they had to cut down trees and build a house.

Their first house had only one room and but three walls. One side was left open to let in heat from a big fire outside. They cooked their food over this fire.

Abraham's father shot deer, turkeys, bears, and other animals in the forest.

Abraham's mother made clothes of the deerskins. They covered themselves with the bearskins at night. Their beds were made of dry grass.

Abraham wore a cap made of raccoon skin. The tail hung down his back. He went barefoot or wore moccasins like an Indian.

Abraham's mother made a garden with the help of the children. They raised corn and vegetables. They

were glad to work hard in the garden, for they were very tired of eating nothing but meat three times a day.

They had no sugar, no tea, no coffee. They had nothing to eat or wear but what they could get themselves.

Abraham and his sister had no playmates, for no one lived near. They could not go far from the house for fear of wolves and panthers.

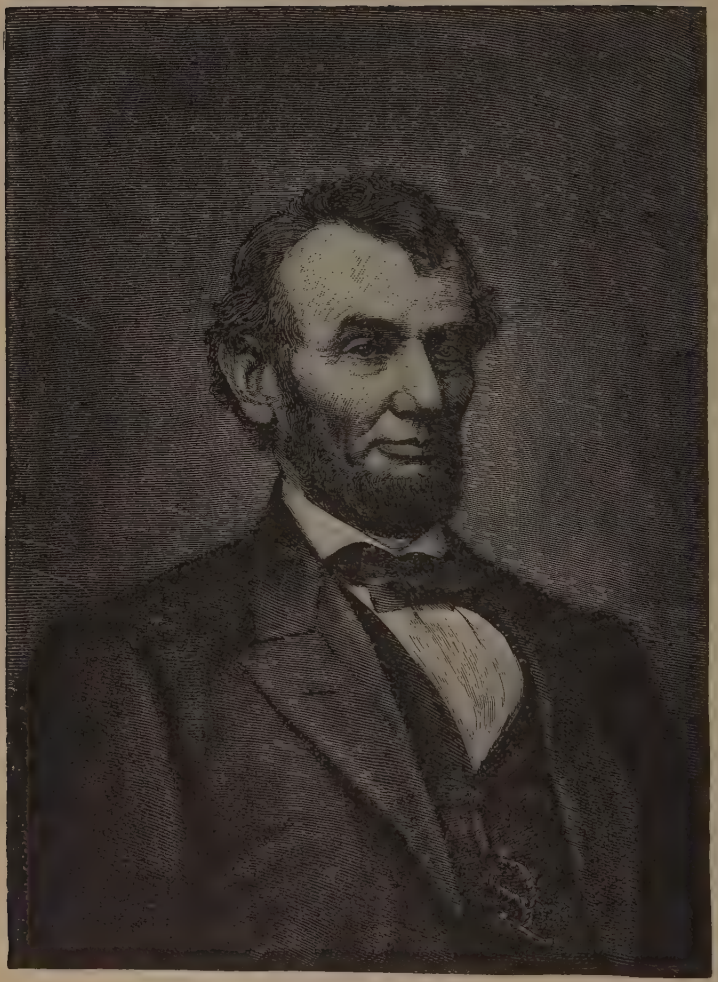
There were no schoolhouses and no churches. There were no doctors. If people were ill they drank tea made of plants.

When Abraham was old enough to walk a long way, he went to school a short time. There was not much school and he had to work. So he did not go long.

Even when he could not go to school, he studied at home at night. Candles were scarce, and he had to study by firelight. Paper was scarce, too, so he wrote on a board with charcoal.

There were very few books, but people were glad to lend Abraham any they had. He was always careful of them and took them back as soon as he had read them. He often walked a long way to get a book.

Abraham learned to do every kind of work. Noth-



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ng was too hard for him. He was willing to do anything to earn a living and to get books.

He was stronger than any of the other boys. No one could excel him at wrestling, running, lifting, or at any kind of work.

Everybody trusted him. The boys at school often asked him to settle their quarrels.

When Abraham was a young man, his father went to Illinois to live. Abraham went with him and helped him to build a house. Then he went to work in a store.

He afterward became a lawyer. At last he came to be President of the United States.

He was one of the greatest men that ever lived. He is honored all over the world.

THE LOST DOLL

chärm′ing ly tĕr′ri bly trŏd′den

I once had a sweet little doll,
The prettiest doll in the world.
Her cheeks were so red and so white,
And her hair was so charmingly curled!
But I lost my poor little doll,
As I played in the fields one day;

And I cried for her more than a week,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll,
As I played in the fields one day.

They say she is terribly changed;
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows,
And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old times' sake she is still
The prettiest doll in the world.

— *Adapted from Charles Kingsley.*

PANDORA

eôr′ner	need′ed	môrn′ing	voice
līght′ly	re mĕm′ber	whĕth′er	ëärved
trŭst′ed	Ep i mē′theūs	troŭ′bleṣ	ẹured
rain′bow	sŭn′beam	mō′ment	swạrm

Long and long ago, when the earth was young, all the people were children. No grown man or woman had ever been seen.

The children needed no fathers and mothers to take care of them. No one had ever been ill. Clothes never wore out. It was summer all the time. Nice things to eat grew on trees where the children could get them.

The children never quarreled. They were always happy. No child had ever been known to go into a corner to sulk.

A boy called Epimetheus lived in a pretty little house all alone. One day a young man brought a heavy box to the door.

Epimetheus had never seen a young man and he was very much surprised. So when the young man said he wanted to leave the box there, Epimetheus could think of nothing to say.

The young man smiled at him and said, "You must never open the box or let any one else open it." Then he turned and went lightly away.

Epimetheus thought at first that he had wings on his feet. But when he rubbed his eyes and looked again, the young man was so far away that he could not tell for sure.

Afterward he thought he had not seen right, for who ever heard of any one with wings on his feet?

The box had beautiful faces carved upon it. It was tied with a string of twisted gold. Epimetheus looked at the faces and at the knot; but he did not touch the box. Then he heard his playmates calling for him, and he ran away to play and forgot the box.

When he came back in the evening there was a strange little girl sitting on the steps. She said she had been brought from a long way off to be his playmate. Strange to say, she could not remember at

all where she came from. She only remembered that a tall boy with wings on his feet brought her.

"That must have been the same boy that brought the box," said Epimetheus. Then he showed the box to Pandora. She wanted to open it at once, but Epimetheus told her what the young man had said. Pandora thought the box must be for her. She felt sure there was something pretty in it for her.

Epimetheus begged the little girl to go out and play and think no more about it. She ran away with him, but she could not quite forget the box.

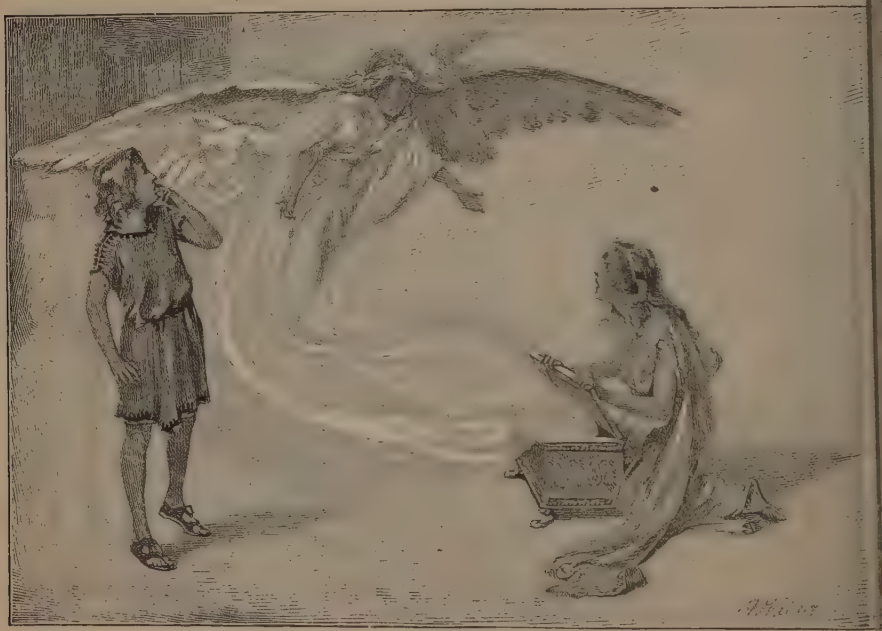
Every day when the two children came in to rest, Pandora looked at the box and wished she could open it. After a while she did not want to go out at all. The first thing in the morning, she began to guess what was in the box.

One day Epimetheus went out alone to find the other children. Pandora looked at the box first. Then she touched the carved faces. Then she lifted one corner. Down went the heavy box out of her hands almost on her toes.

She thought she heard a voice in the box; so she put her ear close to the lid. Sure enough! Many little voices were calling, "Please let me out, Pandora."

Pandora touched the golden string very lightly.

She didn't know whether to pull it or not. But it needed no pulling. Just the moment her fingers touched the knot, it came untied. Then the little voices called louder than before.



Pandora thought she would lift the lid a little and shut it very quickly. But the moment there was the least crack, out came a swarm of ugly little creatures. They had wings like a bat and very long stings. These little creatures were troubles of all kinds.

Pandora dropped the lid with a bang. Just at that moment one of the troubles stung her on the

forehead. At this she screamed so loud that Epimetheus ran in. Just as he opened the door, a trouble stung him and he began to scream.

Out flew the troubles over that happy country stinging every child in it. All the children set up a loud screaming. For a long time nothing could be heard but crying and moaning.

Pandora lay on the floor with her head against the box, wishing she had never opened it. After a while she noticed a sweet little voice calling: "Dear Pandora, let me out and I will take away your pain."

"I will never open the box again," said Pandora.

But the sweet little voice kept singing: "Let me out, let me out, dear Pandora. I am not a trouble, I am Hope, and I can cure all the children of their pain."

So Pandora opened the box again. Out came a smiling little creature with rainbow wings. It kissed Pandora on the forehead and the pain was gone.

For a minute it went dancing about like a sunbeam. Then it said good-by and flew out to kiss the other children.

It was always too busy to stay long at a time with any child. But if a child were ill or unhappy, Hope came flying in to comfort him.

—*Adapted from Hawthorne.*

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

par'ties	break'fast	fright'ful	wick'ed
mas'ter	prom'ised	hand'some	pal'ace
writ'ten	rŭsh'ing	en chant'ed	sur prised'

There was once a rich man who had three daughters and three sons. The girls were all beautiful, but the youngest was the most beautiful of all. She was always called Beauty.

The older girls were proud of their beauty. They were proud of their money. They were proud of their fine clothes.

Beauty liked her fine home. She liked her dresses and her rings. She liked to be beautiful. But she was not proud. She was kind to the poor. She often stayed at home from parties to sit with her father.

At last the father lost all his money, and had nothing left but a farm.

"My poor children," he said. "You will have to live in the country. You will have to work hard. My money is all gone." Tears ran down his cheeks as he said this.

The girls all cried, but Beauty soon wiped her eyes. She said, "Crying will not do any good."

The other girls said, "We do not know how to work." Beauty said, "We must learn how."

There was no help for it. They had to go to the country to live.

The father and the three boys plowed the fields and planted the wheat.

Beauty was out of bed every morning at four o'clock. She made the fires, swept the house, and cooked the breakfast.

She found this hard work, but she soon began to grow used to it. She found time to read and sing. So she was not unhappy. Her cheeks grew rosy and red. She was more beautiful than ever.

The two sisters did nothing. They stayed in bed till ten o'clock. Then they sat in rocking-chairs and talked about being so poor.

The father heard that one of his ships had come in. He had thought it was lost.

He had to go to the city to see about the ship. The two girls begged him to bring them some new dresses.

"What shall I bring you, Beauty?"

"You need not spend any of the money for me. My dresses are very nice. I do not need new ones," said Beauty.

"Oh, let me bring you something," said the father.

"Well, then, bring me a rose," said Beauty. "We have none in our garden."

On the way home the father lost himself in the forest. Night came on. It rained and snowed very hard. The wind almost blew him from his horse. He was afraid he should die in the forest.

All at once he saw a light. He went to it and found a beautiful palace. The gates were open. He went in. The doors were open, but no one was to be seen.

There was a stable behind the palace. He put his poor horse into a stall and gave him some hay.

Then he went in at the door. No one was there. He went on till he came to a dining room. Still no one was to be seen.

He waited a long time but no one came. So he sat down and ate. He was trembling all the time.

He waited till twelve o'clock for some one to come. Then he thought he had better look about.

He opened all the doors he saw. In one room there was a bed. Being very tired he went to bed.

It was ten o'clock next day when he woke up. Beside the bed there was a new suit of clothes. His old ones were gone.

He dressed himself in the new clothes. Then he looked out at the window. He thought he would see snow on the ground. But there was no snow at all.

A beautiful rose garden was what he saw. "This must be fairyland," he thought.

He went and ate his breakfast. Then he went to feed his horse and get ready to go.

The roses made him think of Beauty. "I can at least take one rose for her," he thought. "The master of the house will not care if I take one. There are so many."

No sooner did his hand touch the rose than he heard a loud roar. A frightful beast came running toward him.

"Bad man," roared the beast. "I let you come into my palace to save your life. Now you will take my roses. You shall die for this."

The poor man fell upon his knees. "I promised to take my daughter a rose," said he. "I did not think any one would care if I took one of these. There are so many."

"You have a daughter," roared the beast. "You may go now. But send your daughter to take your place. If she does not come, you must come back."

The poor father thought he would go home and see his children. Then he could come back and die.

"Go to the room you slept in," said the beast. "Fill a chest with anything you see there. I will send it to your house."

The good man went to the room and filled the chest with money. Then he set off, and soon reached home.

The chest of money was there before he was. Nobody knew how it had come.

He gave Beauty the rose, and told her what it had cost him.

The two girls began to cry and blame Beauty. The three brothers said, "Neither Beauty nor our father shall go. We will go and kill the beast."

"You cannot do that," said the father. "I am old. I will go."

Beauty would not do as her father said. In a few days she and her father went to the beast's palace.

The father put his horse into the stable. No one was to be seen. Then he and Beauty went into the palace. It was just as he had seen it before.

They ate supper, and then waited for the beast to come.

A loud roar sounded through the palace. The beast came rushing in.

"So here you are," said he to Beauty. "You are a good girl."

Then the beast went out and left them.

Beauty and her father went to bed.

In the morning Beauty said, "Go home, Father.

I am not afraid. I think the beast will not hurt me." So her father went away.

When he was gone, Beauty began to look about. The palace was the most beautiful place she had ever seen.

Over one door was written, "Beauty's Room." This surprised her very much. She opened the door and looked in. It was the most beautiful room in all the world.

There were cases full of books and music. A grand piano stood open. Birds sang in golden cages.

"The beast cannot mean to eat me," she thought. "I will not be afraid. I think he must be a good beast."

At noon she found the table set for her. But no one was to be seen.

At night, when she sat down to eat, the beast came in. "May I see you eat?" said he.

"Yes, if you please," said Beauty. But she was very much frightened.

"I will not stay if you do not want me. Do you think me very ugly?" said the beast.

Beauty always told the truth. So she said, "Yes, but I think you are very good."

Beauty ate, and the beast stood near, looking at her. "Will you stay here always?" he asked.

"I will do as you wish," said Beauty. "I came to die in my father's place."

Beauty began to be fond of the beast. He was so good to her.

At last she began to be homesick. She begged the beast to let her go home. She said she would come back in a week.

The beast said she might. "Lay this ring on your table to-night. In the morning you will be at home. At the end of the week lay the ring on your table at home. In the morning you will be here."

Beauty did as he said. In the morning she woke up in her own bed.

Her father kissed her a hundred times. He was so glad to see her. At the end of the week she thought she would stay just one more day with her father.

But the next night she laid the ring on the table. In the morning she was in the beast's palace.

She waited all day. No beast came. "Where can he be?" thought Beauty. "I will go and look for him."

Beauty found the poor beast lying in the rose garden. She thought he was dead. She began to cry, and some of her tears fell on his face.

In a moment the beast sprang to his feet. But he was a beast no longer. He was a handsome prince.

"A wicked fairy enchanted me," said he. "Nothing could change me back to a man but the tears of a beautiful girl."

Beauty sent for her father and brothers and sisters, and they all lived in the palace.

The prince gave them everything they wished, and they were always happy.

TAMING THE PIG

plēa*s*ed	squē*a*l	an'i mals	drăg'ging
tē*a*ch	flŏck	be tween'	wo*u*ld'n't

Once upon a time there were two little boys named Tommy and Harry. These two boys were good friends and played together every day.

One day Harry found a little chicken that was very much hurt. He took it home and made it a little bed. He fed it and gave it water every day.

Soon the little chicken was well.

It would run after Harry like a little dog. It would hop up on his lap and eat out of his hand.

Tommy was very much pleased with Harry's pet chicken. He thought he would like a pet himself.

His father said, "If you want to tame animals, you must be good to them. Be kind to them and feed them, then they will come to you."

Tommy took a big cake and went out to find an animal to tame.

The first one he found was a little pig. It had run away from its mother and was sleeping in the sun.

Tommy ran up to it, calling, "Pig, pig, pig. Come here, little pig!"

The little pig jumped up and ran away. It was very much frightened.

Tommy ran after it, calling, "You bad little pig! come here; I want to feed you." But the little pig ran faster and faster.

So Tommy ran faster till he caught it by the leg.

"If you do not know your friends, I must teach you," he said.

Then he held the little pig and tried to make it eat. But the little pig would not eat. It began to squeal for its mother.

The mother pig came running with all her other little pigs at her heels.

Tommy was frightened, and he let the little pig go. It ran between his legs and threw him down. The old pig ran over him, and he was covered with mud.

Tommy jumped up and caught the old pig by the leg, and began to beat her.

She ran all around, dragging him in the mud.

Tommy held on till he was dragged into a flock of geese. The geese were frightened, but one old goose flew at Tommy and bit his legs.

At this Tommy let go and began to scream.

Tommy's father came running to help him.

"What is wrong?" said he. "Why did you catch the pig by the leg?"

"I was only doing what you told me to do," said Tommy. "I was trying to feed the pig and make it tame."

"Are you hurt?" said his father.

"No, I am not much hurt," said Tommy.

"Then go and wash yourself and put on clean

clothes," said his father. "When you come back we will talk it over."

Tommy soon came back, looking much better.

"When did I tell you to catch a pig by the leg," said his father.

"You said that feeding animals is the way to make them like me," said Tommy. "The pig ran away. It wouldn't eat."

"How was the pig to know what you wanted?" said his father. "It thought you wanted to hurt it.

"When you want to tame any animal, you must wait till you find out something about it.

"You must go up to it slowly and quietly. If it is frightened, you must not touch it.

"You must wait till it sees that you are not going to hurt it. Then it will come to you to be fed. By and by it will be as tame as Harry's chicken."

—*From Sandford and Merton.*

DANDELION DOWN

sĭlk′*en*	st*a*lk	fĕ*a*th′er y	ĕm′mon
blŏs′sŏms	g*h*ōst	sĕv′en ty	plūm*e*s

Little Floss-Hair played in the sunlight among the dandelions. Her shining silken hair was yellow like the blossoms.

Grandmother sat spinning in the door. She was watching little Floss-Hair. A sunbeam danced around her spinning wheel. She seemed to spin behind a golden veil.

Grandmother looked very beautiful. Her dress was gray. Her hair was white as snow. Her eyes were quiet and smiling.

Floss-Hair broke a downy ball from its stalk. She blew it one, two, three times. The feathery seeds flew all around her. Not one was left on the stem.

"Grandmother wants me," said little Floss-Hair and away she ran to the door.

"Why have you stopped your play, little one?" asked her grandmother.

"Why, the pretty yellow dandelions are nearly all gone," said Floss-Hair. "In their places are little round gray heads. They look like ghosts. Why do flowers need to die, grandmother?"

"Did you see where the seed feathers went?"

"Oh, into the air. Up into the clouds," said Floss-Hair.

"No, no, little girl," said her grandmother. "Some of them hid under the grass. There they will sleep all summer and all winter. Next spring they will come out wide awake. But then they will be young dandelions. And see there, the yellowbirds are taking some of the little white plumes to line their nests. Many little birds will be glad that the golden flowers turned to down."

"So the dandelions are spinning silk to line the birds' nests,"' said Floss-Hair. "And grandmother sits and spins for me. Dear grandmother, your hair is soft and white like the dandelion down."

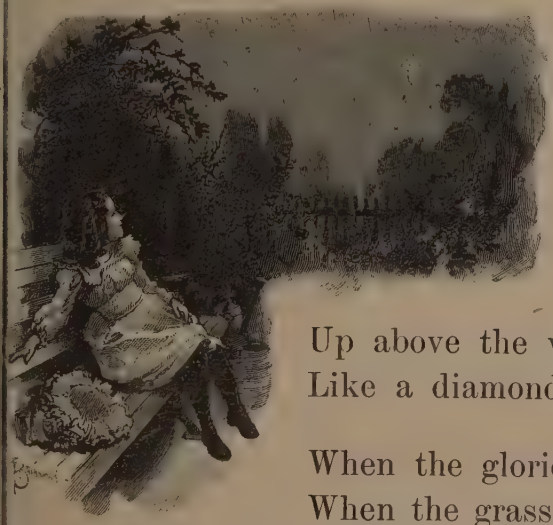
"Little one, my hair was once all flyaway gold like yours. Call me Dandelion Down, the ghost of a little Floss-Hair that played among the dandelion blossoms seventy years ago."

"No, no, grandmother. I will not call dandelion down a ghost any more. It is only a common little flower turned into an angel. It is like my grandmother, who is always doing kind things. No, no, Grandmother, I will always love the dandelion down."

And Floss-Hair ran back to her play, and her grandmother sat in the door watching her and spinning.

—Lucy Larcom.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR



twĭn′kle wŏn′der
ĕûr′tăĭnṣ glō′ri ous
trăv′el er ŏf′ten

Twinkle, twinkle,
little star;
How I wonder
what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

BROTHER RABBIT AND BROTHER GOAT

tēase	ẽar'ly	an'gry	ĕär'pen ter
hōōfs	pop'lar	răs'eal	rāġe
stärve	light'ning	brăm'ble	härd'ly

A long time ago Brother Rabbit lived near Brother Goat.

Brother Goat's horns were strong and sharp. So he was not afraid of anything.

Poor Brother Rabbit was afraid of nearly everything. He could not bite. He had no horns. He could only run away when he was afraid.

Brother Goat always turned up his nose at Brother Rabbit. He hardly ever spoke to him when he met him.

If he ever said anything, it was something to scare Brother Rabbit out of his wits.

Brother Goat would say, "Brother Rabbit, here comes Brother Fox." Then Brother Rabbit would run himself out of breath to get away.

Sometimes Brother Goat would say, "Here is Mr. Wolf." Then Brother Rabbit would almost faint.

Now Brother Rabbit was small, but he knew a thing or two. He found out that Brother Goat liked nice things to eat. So he made a feast and asked Brother Goat to come. He thought Brother Goat would be ashamed to tease him after that.

Brother Goat had never seen such a feast. He ate and ate. At last he asked for a drink of water. Poor Brother Rabbit had no water. He was afraid to go to the spring to get it.

Brother Goat said, "Let us go and dig a well by the big poplar tree." Mr. Wolf lived near there. Brother Goat was teasing Brother Rabbit again.

Brother Rabbit said, "I do not need a well. I drink the dew on the leaves early in the morning."

Brother Goat said, "I will dig the well myself. Then all the water will be mine."

So Brother Goat went out and began to dig with his sharp horns and sharp hoofs. He made the ground fly all around. Soon he found water and took a drink.

The next day Mr. Wolf went away on a visit. Brother Rabbit thought he would go down and get some water. When Brother Goat came he saw

Brother Rabbit's tracks. This made him angry. "I will catch the rascal," he said to himself.

Brother Goat was a carpenter. He could make all sorts of things of wood. He ran for his tools and made a wooden baby. He put tar all over it. It looked like a darky baby.

Brother Goat set the tar baby at the edge of the well. Then he hid in the bushes.

By and by Brother Rabbit came to get a pail of water. He was creeping along very softly, hiding under grass and behind stones.

When he saw the tar baby, he sat as still as a stone. He looked just like the dry leaves and grass around him.

The tar baby sat still. Brother Rabbit looked at it a long time. At last he came up to it and said, "How do you do, tar baby?"

The tar baby didn't answer. Brother Rabbit said, "How do you do," again.

But the tar baby didn't answer. So Brother Rabbit said, "I'll teach you better manners." With that he slapped the tar baby's face.

His paw stuck fast. "Let go of my paw," said Brother Rabbit, "or I'll slap you again."

In a minute he slapped the tar baby with his other paw. That stuck fast too.

"Are you going to let go of my paws?" shouted Brother Rabbit. The tar baby didn't let go.

Brother Rabbit kicked the tar baby with his hind foot and that stuck. Then he was in a rage. He screamed, "Do you see that foot? You let go of me or I'll kick you so hard with it you'll think lightning has struck you." Then he kicked with his last foot and it stuck.

Out sprang Brother Goat. "Now I have you, you rascal," he cried.

He tied Brother Rabbit hand and foot. Then he sat down to think how to kill him. At last he made up his mind to burn poor Brother Rabbit.

Just then Brother Goat's daughter, Miss Nanny, came along. "Why, Papa," she said, "throw that good-for-nothing creature into the bramble patch. I want you to come with me to get some nice grass."

Brother Rabbit was shaking with fear. But he called out, "Oh, please don't throw me into the bramble patch. Oh, please don't. Burn me. Drown me. Starve me to death. But don't throw me into the bramble patch."

"Aha, rascal, you don't like brambles," said Brother Goat. "Into them you go." And he ran and threw Brother Rabbit into the very middle of the bramble patch.

Brother Rabbit fell on his feet. How he laughed. He kept calling all day, "Born and bred in the bramble patch. Born and bred in the bramble patch."

Brother Goat was so much vexed, that he took his whole family and moved away.

So Brother Rabbit was happy forever after.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

*h*our	lĕad'en	dĭf'fer ent	ū nĭ fôrms
dāle	plāin	drĭlls	eoun'ter pāne

When I was sick and lay in bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

hătch'et de light'ed văl'ū a ble cheered

When George Washington was a little boy his father gave him a hatchet on his birthday.

George was delighted with the hatchet. He went out to chop with it. He chopped sticks and bits of board. He drove sticks into the ground, and cut some wood for the fire.

He had often seen men cut down trees, and he thought he would like to cut one down. He looked about for a tree, and the first one he came to was a cherry tree.

Cherry trees were scarce. This one was very

valuable. His father hoped to raise many cherry trees from the seeds.

But George thought of nothing but cutting a tree down with his new hatchet. He didn't even see that it was a fruit tree.

He chopped and chopped. How the chips flew! George laughed to see them. When the tree fell, he cheered as he had heard the men do.

When his father saw the tree he was very sorry, and very angry too.

He thought of George's new hatchet; so he called the little boy and said, "Did you cut down my cherry tree?"

George was so happy with his hatchet that he had forgotten all about the tree.

He was very much frightened; in those days, children were often whipped. He was sorry too.

Tears came into his eyes, but he was brave, so he said: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

His father said, "It will be hard to get another cherry tree. It will take a long time for one to grow.

"But I would rather lose a thousand cherry trees than have my boy tell one lie."

After that George always took care not to chop a fruit tree.

TO THE VIOLET

Come, pretty Violet,
  Winter's away;
Come, for without you
  May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
  Wings flutter and fly;—
Quick, little Violet,
  Open your eye.

—Lucy Larcom.

POCAHONTAS

Po ca hŏn′tas	Pow hat an′	re tûrned′	com′pass
Vir gĭn′ĭ a	wa͡r′ri ors	băp tīzed′	săv′age

Pocahontas was a little Indian princess. She lived in Virginia. Her father was an Indian king. His name was Powhatan.

One day a ship sailed up the river from the ocean. The Indians had never seen such a thing. They thought the sails were wings. They hid behind trees and watched it.

Soon they saw white men come out of the ship. The Indians thought these men had come from the sky. They were surprised at their strange color and clothing.

The white men set about building a town. After a long time the Indians ventured to go near them.

The white men could not understand the Indian language at first. But the Indians made signs and the white men understood.

After a while they could speak with each other a little.

The white men gave the Indians beads and bells and knives. These pleased the Indians very much. They were glad the white men had come.

They gave the white men food. The white men

were very glad to get it. But after a while they began to be unkind to the Indians.

This made the Indians angry. They had been good to the white men. The white men had returned evil for good.

So the Indians would bring in no more food. Soon the white men were starving.

Captain John Smith, the leader, went up the river to see the Indians. They caught him and tied his hands. Then they took him from village to village. All the Indians wanted to see a white man.

Captain John Smith had a little compass. He showed it to the Indians. They thought it had magic in it.

At last he was brought before the king. It is said that the king decided to have him killed.

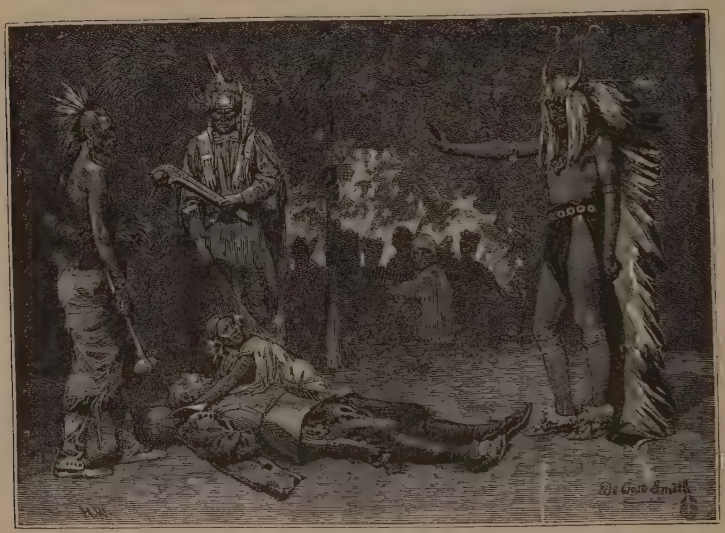
A large stone was brought in. Smith's hands and feet were tied. He was laid with his head on the stone. Two warriors stood ready to kill him with war clubs.

The king was sitting on a throne. His little daughter, Pocahontas, was by his side. Indian chiefs and warriors stood waiting.

Just as the two Indians drew back their clubs to strike, Pocahontas ran and threw herself on Captain John Smith.

She put her arms around his neck. She laid her head on his head. The men were afraid to strike. They were afraid they might hurt the little girl.

Pocahontas begged her father to spare Captain John Smith's life. This savage Indian king loved his



little daughter. He could not bear to refuse her anything. So Smith was not killed.

Pocahontas was always kind to the white people. She often gave them food. Sometimes the Indians made plans to kill them. Pocahontas always sent word to them.

When she grew up she was baptized. She was called the Lady Rebecca. She even visited England. There she was treated like a royal princess.

THE FROGS AND THE OX

rŭsh′eṣ	tŭm′bling	ēaṣ′i ly	dīved
big′gest	tăd′poleṣ	mŏn′ster	bûrst

Some little frogs lived in a pond. The pond was just right for frogs. It was full of rushes. The water was cool and green. High grass grew all around it. There were water lily leaves to sit on.

Sometimes the little frogs went out on the bank. There they played leap frog, or tried to sing like the birds. Sometimes they dived and swam all day. They always had a good time.

One day their mother went away on a visit. She told them she would soon be back and to be good children.

First the little frogs went up on the bank to catch insects. Then they played tag in the tall grass.

An ox came down to the water to drink. The little frogs crept under the biggest leaves they could find. They had never seen so huge a creature.

The ox soon went away, but the little frogs were afraid to come out.

By and by their mother came home. Then the little frogs came tumbling out. They all began to talk at once.

"Oh, mother," cried they, "a great monster was here."

The mother frog had never seen anything so large as an ox. She thought she could easily make herself look as large. She blew herself up and said, "Was it as large as this?"

"Oh, yes, mother, much larger."

She blew herself up more. "Was it as large as this?"

"Oh, yes, mother, much larger."

Then the old frog blew and blew and blew herself up.

The little frogs began to cry. "Oh, please, mother, do not try. If you burst yourself, you could never be large enough. Please do not." And the little frogs cried louder and louder.

At last the mother frog said, "I don't believe there is anything larger than I am now. I am not going to

make myself any larger. You have been asleep and dreaming."

The ox never came back, and the little frogs soon began to think they had been dreaming as their mother said. So they were not afraid to go upon the bank and never afraid to stay alone.

Sometimes they told other little frogs about the queer dream they had.

The other little frogs then tried to dream about monsters, too.

But they could never dream about anything but frogs, and tadpoles, and nice things to eat.

PUSSY WILLOW'S WELCOME

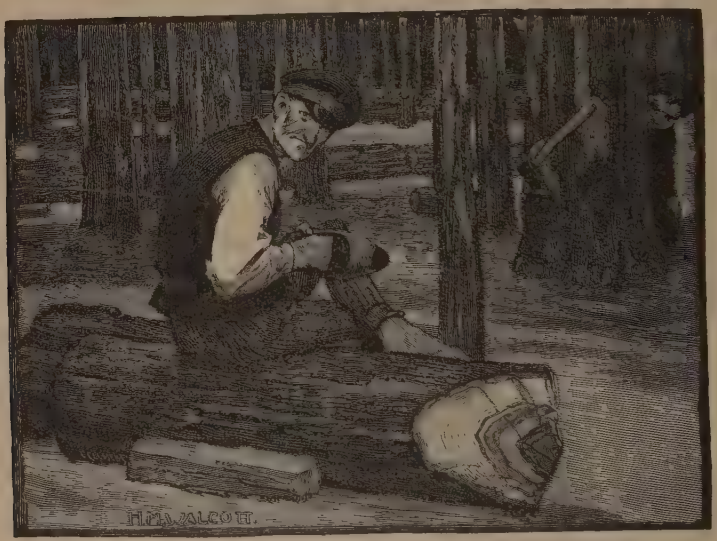
brĭmmed ĕlm with in′ *wr*ăp′per

The brook is brimmed with melting snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His coal-black wings is sunning.
And sweet and low the south winds blow,
And through the brown fields calling go,
"Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper stir,
Come out and show your silver fur,
Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

A GOOD JOKE

wood′en wā′ġes un kind′ in stĕad′

A rich boy and his teacher were once walking through the woods. They came to a tree that had



been cut down. By it lay an ax and a pair of wooden shoes.

They looked about and at last saw the woodcutter. He was resting himself on the bank of a brook with his feet in the water, and he did not see them.

The boy picked up two stones.

"I will put these into his shoes," said he. "Then

we will hide and watch him. It will be a good joke to see him make faces when he puts them on."

"I think you will not get much fun out of that," said the teacher. "He is a poor man and has to work hard. He has a hard enough time. Your father gives you plenty of money. Why not put a dollar into each shoe? That will surprise him more than the stones."

The boy liked this better, so he put the money into the shoes. Then the two hid in the bushes.

Soon the man came limping back, and put on one of his shoes. But he took it off in a hurry, for the money hurt his foot.

When he saw what it was, he said, "Thank God! Now I can buy bread for my children and their sick mother. I will work no more to-day. I will go straight to the store and then home."

The boy was glad he had not put stones into the poor man's shoes.

He and his teacher followed the man to his home and found just how poor he was.

The boy begged his father to help the woodcutter. His father did so by giving the man work at better wages.

After that, if the boy thought of doing an unkind thing for fun, he always thought of the poor woodcutter, and tried to do a kindness instead.

WINTER AND SPRING

wạn′dered	ŭn der stănd′	them selves′	pricked
mŭt′tered	blăn′ket	erick′ets	re joiced′

There was once a child who had no playmates, and he wandered about all day among the flowers and the trees.

He listened as the leaves rustled and whispered together. By and by he began to understand what they said.

One day the south wind came blowing over the grass. He saw a beautiful rose. "Oh, fly away with me, beautiful rose," cried the south wind. "I will take you where it is always summer."

But the rose would not go. The south wind tried to tear her from her stem, but he could not.

"Oh, beautiful rose, come with me. The north wind will come and you will die," he cried once more.

But the rose did not believe him. She thought the sun would always shine.

A little vine heard all this. It set her to thinking. She spoke to the daisy, and the daisy told the violet.

They talked it over all day. "Will the north wind come and kill us?" they wondered.

They thought they would ask the oak tree. He was very old and he would know.

"No, you will not die," said the oak tree. "You will only sleep and rest while the north wind blows. In the spring the sun will shine. The south wind will come back. You will all wake up again."

"I don't like that," said the vine. "I don't want to sleep. I want to play with the bees and the birds and the butterflies."

"I am afraid I shall never wake up," said the violet.

"Do not be afraid," said the oak tree. "You will be sure to wake up. The birds all follow the south wind when the north wind comes. The bees hide themselves in their hives. The butterflies creep into warm places.

"When the north wind goes away, they all come back to the meadow. They will be here when you wake up."

"Don't believe a word of that," said a rough old thistle. "When you go to sleep, you will never wake up. That is the last of you."

The child heard all this, and he wondered which was true.

It was a long, long summer. It seemed as if it would never end. Birds sang. Grasshoppers and crickets romped in the grass. The rose bloomed and bloomed. She grew more beautiful every day.

One day a great wind came out of the north. Away to their homes hurried the humblebees and crickets.

Whirr, whirr! How cold the north wind was. The south wind flew far away.

"Now we shall all die, and that will be the end of us," said the cross old thistle.

"No, no," said the old oak tree. "We are all going to sleep."

The flowers and the vine tried to keep awake, but they could not. They were soon fast asleep.

The old oak tree spread his leaves over them. Last of all he, too, fell asleep.

Then the child saw the storm king come riding over the fields and the forests and the town.

Snow fell everywhere. The north wind made sad music in the chimneys.

The storm king sent the brook to bed and put a cover of ice over him. He spread a snow blanket over the sleeping flowers. They all lay quiet. Only the old thistle seemed to have bad dreams. He tossed about and muttered in his sleep.

The child thought winter would never end. He thought the flowers would never wake.

But at last spring came. Sunshine danced everywhere. "Wake up, wake up, everybody," called the sunbeams.

The brook heard first. He threw off his cover. He leaped out over his banks and ran all over the meadow.

Then a bluebird came from the south. "Wake up," he cried to the violet. "It is spring."

The violet heard him and came forth in her purple dress. Then out came the daisy in white and gold. Last came the little vine in dainty green.

"I had bad dreams," said the old thistle. "I feel very bad. I wish I had never waked up." Then he pricked everybody he could reach.

"You knew, old oak tree," said the flowers. "We feel much better after our sleep. Now we will always be happy."

The child saw and heard all these things. He rejoiced in the sunshine and the flowers and was happy too.

—EUGENE FIELD.

And when Spring returned, she said,
"They were sleeping and not dead."

—CARY.

For, lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

—BIBLE.

PICCOLA

năr′row	hälf	lōne′ly	ġĕn′tle man
răg′ged	lēave	swäl′low	A mĕr′i can
prĕs̱′ent	be lŏnged′	stŏck′ings	re mem′bered
dŏz′en	mān′ġer	sur prīs̱ed′	câre′ful ly

Piccola lived in a country where the sun shines every day.

She had no father and no brother or sister. She and her mother lived alone in a little old house on a dark, narrow street.

They were very poor. Piccola's mother was away nearly every day, washing clothes to get money for her little girl and herself. So you see the little girl was alone much of the time.

She had no playthings but a heap of stones and an old, ragged doll. Her mother had found the doll in the street one day and brought it home to her little girl. Piccola built playhouses of the stones for the doll and herself.

At the back of the yard was a high stone wall. One day Piccola found a hole in it and looked through. On the other side there was a beautiful garden.

When she stood on a stone and put her face to the hole, she could see the flowers and smell them, too.

She often looked through, but she never saw any one. The garden belonged to an old gentleman who did not care for flowers.

One day her mother told her that the old gentleman had gone away.

The house was soon rented to an American lady who was ill. She had come to this warm, sunny country to get well.

The first time Piccola looked through the hole in the wall she saw a half-dozen children. They did nothing all day but sing and play in the garden, and Piccola did nothing but watch them.

Piccola kept so still that the children did not see her for a long time. One day their kitten ran away and they came close to the wall, and saw the little girl's black eyes looking through the hole.

She did not speak to them, and they did not know what to say to her.

The next day she was at the hole again, and the largest girl went and tried to talk to her. Piccola could not understand the little girl, and the little girl could not understand her, for Piccola could not speak English. But they both smiled and felt like friends.

After that the children put their playthings through the hole for Piccola. Sometimes they gave her candy.

One day the father of the children came, and one of the little boys asked him to have a gate made in the wall. The father was sorry for the lonely little girl, and he had the gate made. So every day Piccola played in the garden with the children.

By and by the little American children began to talk about Christmas. They all asked Piccola what she thought she would get for a Christmas present.

"A Christmas present?" said Piccola. "What is that?"

Piccola knew what Christmas is. She knew that it is the Christ Child's birthday. She had been to

church on that day. She had heard the beautiful music, and had seen the little wax baby lying in a manger with cows and sheep sleeping around it.

She knew that very well, but she had never heard of a Christmas present.

The children all talked at once. They told her about Santa Claus and his reindeer. "Every Christmas," said they, "he comes down the chimney and fills the stockings of all good children."

The children promised to send a letter to ask Santa Claus to bring Piccola a Christmas present.

Piccola went home and told her mother. Her mother seemed to think Santa Claus might not come, but Piccola was sure the letter would bring him.

On Christmas Eve, Piccola's mother came home late from work. As soon as supper was over it was bed time. Then the poor little girl remembered that she had no stockings. Her mother was too poor to buy stockings, and she and Piccola had to wear their wooden shoes without any.

Piccola thought Santa Claus would not leave a present if he did not find the stocking. Tears began to run down her cheeks.

Just then her mother called, "Come, Piccola, come to bed." The little girl stopped crying and set her little wooden shoe in the fireplace.

"Santa Claus will know what it is for," she said to herself. "He will know I have no stockings."

Then she ran off to bed and went to sleep at once.

The sun was shining next morning when Piccola woke up. With one jump she was out of bed and running to the chimney.

The wooden shoe had something in it. You would never guess what it was. It was a little chimney swallow.

Piccola called, "Look, look, mother, what Santa Claus has brought me!"

Piccola was so happy that she kissed her mother and kissed the bird, and threw a kiss up the chimney to Santa Claus.

The little bird could not fly. It could only hop about the room. Piccola's mother looked at it and found that its wing was hurt. She bound its wing up carefully and it did not seem to be in pain.

Piccola was a happy little girl when she took her present to show to the children in the garden.

They were as much pleased as she was. They had beautiful dolls and books and a train of cars, but they had nothing that was alive.

When Piccola went home with her bird she had a big box of candy, and there wasn't a happier child anywhere in the world.

Very soon the little swallow was well. It became so tame that it would eat out of Piccola's hand.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing —
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell.

And show me your nest with the young ones in it.
I will not steal it away;
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

— JEAN INGELOW

NOTES

By the time the Second Reader is reached no word can be said to be wholly new, because of the acquaintance the children have with the letters as representing the elementary sounds. Therefore, in the Second Reader, only the more difficult words are placed above the lessons; and these should be used both in class work and in study. By this time the children are well able to study the reading, and they get great pleasure and profit from doing so if they are taught how to study and encouraged and required to do so.

When a child has reached the Second Reader he should have gained considerable independence in making out words by sound. The phonic work should receive such attention during the second year as will enable the children to master the process and use it unconsciously. No child is prepared for third grade work unless this is true of him.

At the end of the second year a child should have a thorough mastery of the sounds as represented by the following letters and groups of letters: —

s t p h f
ă ĭ ĕ ŏ ŭ
l m r n e k
b d g
ā ē ī ō ū (ū is comparatively little used)
o͞o ee o͝o ş ch w y̆ sh th t͟h ck
n̰ ng ing ÿ ä ȯ å u̇ wh
c ou ow ōẏ j ġ y ẽr ôr ûr îr n̈ o̤
oi oy v x z q
ea ai igh.

Other combinations may prove useful, and, if so, they should be added to the list. This work is a means to an end, but a very efficient means to a very good end. The object in view is to teach reading, not diacritical marks; so teach whatever will be of immediate use to the children and omit everything that will not be of immediate use.

HIAWATHA

Read the selections from "Hiawatha" to the class several times before requiring the pupils to read them as lessons. This will give the children the thought as a whole, and prepare them for a more minute study. Encourage the children to commit these selections to memory. Read other portions of the poem to them. Both the rhythm and the subject are fascinating to children.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

This selection is taken from Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." Before leaving it the children should know in what book it is found, and that the book may be bought for a small amount.

THE BROWN BABY

This story is found in "The Seven Little Sisters," by Jane Andrews. The book contains similar stories of six other little girls of different races.

THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY

There is a suggestion here for nature work, which may be carried out very easily.

WHAT FRED AND HIS FATHER FOUND IN THE PARK

The children should be led by this lesson to look for cocoons, which may be found in the trees after the leaves have fallen. Frequently the practiced eye sees a cocoon in what, to the ordinary glance, appears to be merely a dead leaf or cluster of leaves. The cocoons of the cecropia and American silkworm are to be found in the maple and sometimes in other trees, and the polyphemia in the lilac bush. In many localities in this state these three varieties are very plentiful, but protective coloring renders them practically invisible to the uninitiated.

The moths are likely to emerge from these cocoons during the spring months if they are kept in the school room. They may thus be observed in school, because they do not eat while in the perfect stage, and there is, therefore, no cruelty in having them at this time of year. If kept in a cool place or left out of doors the moths appear in August. During September caterpillars may be found and the process of spinning the cocoon observed.

WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER

Read this lesson in very cold weather. Make the experiment in school by means of a bottle filled with water and set out on the window ledge over night. This lesson has a moral which should be brought out also.

THE WISE FAIRY

Read this poem to the class as a preparation for their study of it. Be sure to read it well. Encourage the children to commit it to memory. Do not *require* this, however. It is better to have no unpleasant associations connected with such an exercise.

PANDORA

The original is found in Hawthorne's "Wonder Book."

PUSSY WILLOW'S WELCOME

This poem will be read with interest in the spring when the pussy willows appear. Children are very fond of these flowers.

A GOOD JOKE

April fool's day is sometimes productive of unkindness. There is a good suggestion in this story.

Price 15 cents.

P9-BRW-461